

The Listener

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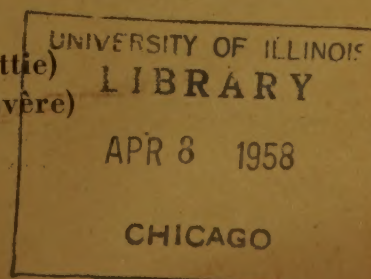


J. Allan Cash

Windmills on the Kinderdyk, the waterway linking Rotterdam and Dordrecht. H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh are paying a State visit to Holland next week

In this number:

Political Deadlock in Central Europe (Terence Prittie)
Uncovering the Secrets of Antarctica (Georges Laclavère)
King Ramiro's Churches (Nikolaus Pevsner)





Money is our Business

The finance of agriculture and of its many ancillary trades is a very substantial part of our business, and it is proper that money should be in the forefront of the picture. We take pride in our share in farming, and indeed in every other kind of business enterprise, but our part is primarily a financial one; for after all, our business is money.

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The Listener

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Political Deadlock in Central Europe

By TERENCE PRITTIE

GERMANY'S biggest newspaper proprietor told the story a few days ago of how, when visiting Berlin recently, he felt an urge to go in the darkest hour of the night to the Brandenburg Gate and stand at that crossing-place from West to East Berlin, and from Western into Eastern Europe. He drove there, parked his car and stood in front of the gateway. There was not a soul in sight. Then, creaking out of the blackness behind him, came a wheel-chair propelled by the man who sat inside it. He had lost both legs. The newspaper proprietor, who has built up his empire and his personal fortune by business acumen rather than sentimentality, broke down at the sight of this cripple, and wept. He drove down to Bonn the next day and asked the Soviet Embassy there to help him to go to Moscow, to talk to Mr. Khrushchev about the future of his country. He got to Moscow: and he did talk to Mr. Khrushchev.

It would be unwise to be sceptical or cynical about this story. Its most obvious moral would seem to be that Germans—however hard-headed, however saturated with material success—have a streak of extreme impulsiveness. For there is no direct connection between a cripple and the division of Germany. There are, for that matter, far fewer cripples to be seen today than ten years ago. The brutal truth is that a great many men who lost legs in Russia have died in the meantime. The story is important because it shows how concepts can be associated in the German mind—concepts of personal and physical suffering, of psychological unhappiness and political striving. It shows, too, the growing mood of impatience, in which any action seems better than none. This may, indeed, be the mood of only a minority of politically aware Germans. But numbers are irrelevant. Where a clear lead is given, the mass of Germans have never been slow to follow.

One ought not to attribute this mood of impatience solely to superficial causes. Certainly there are plenty of them. The American economic recession has suggested that a popular deity may have feet of clay. British insistence on the payment of support costs for the Army of the Rhine is either cause or pretext for ending an uneasy honeymoon in Anglo-German relations. French policy in North Africa has caused a wave of genuine disapproval in Germany, which is not simply the product of self-righteousness and the happy reflection that Germany has no colonial commitments of her own. The Western Powers do not look very strong—after the sputniks—or very united after Suez and its Middle Eastern aftermath. They have been diplomatically lethargic and there is an unhappy feeling in Germany that no one in London, Paris, or Washington cares overmuch about the 'German question'.

This diplomatic lethargy may not have directly inspired the B.B.C. Reith Lectures of Mr. George Kennan, but it is certain that these lectures had a bigger impact on the thoughtful German than Britain's monetary demands or the bombing of Sakiet. For Mr. Kennan did what many Germans would have liked to do—had they not been either politically too lazy or too loyal to the West—by indicating the need for a diplomatic break-through to end the deadlock in Central Europe. The immediate result of the lectures was a spate of German ideas, and a very decided change in the German political climate.

First, the ideas. It was not surprising that the foreign affairs expert of the Social Democratic Party, Herr Wehner, at once offered up his four-point plan. Progress towards German reunification—which alone can break the deadlock in central Europe—should be phased. The phases which he suggested were: the equating of the two German currencies as a first step towards

economic unity in Germany, the creation of a joint investment-fund for both German states, the re-establishment of the unity of Berlin, finally the re-establishment of the unity of the whole of Germany.

Wehner's party colleague, Dr. Mommer, wanted a different route towards the same goal. He believed that the Rapacki plan offered a first step towards a settlement in central Europe. Emphasis should be on disarmament rather than political agreement. Dr. Mommer did not think that the creation of the atom-free zone would crystallise the political *status quo*. He thought, on the contrary, that it offered the best chance of avoiding such crystallisation. A limited agreement of the kind proposed by Mr. Rapacki could lead to a definitive agreement on disarmament. And disarmament could eliminate Russian fears of the rebirth of a strong all-Germany committed to act as the sword of the Western Alliance. On these fears, supposedly, was based the Russian insistence on keeping Germany divided.

It was not surprising that Mr. Kennan's words had an equal impact on political independents. The right-wingers of the Free Democratic Party began to toy with the idea of the East-West all-German talks demanded by Messrs. Khrushchev and Ulbricht. They were, admittedly, stepping out of line with the rest of the strangely assorted company which officially represents German liberalism today. The party leader, Dr. Maier, was shocked and announced his intention of taking control of its foreign affairs committee. But the right-wingers' demand for political action at all costs found a ready response from Dr. Hans Schlange-Schöninghen, lately German Ambassador in London. If Germans did not act on their own account, he declared, they might never again be asked their opinions. Eden, Gaitskell, and Healey plans, he said, had come from Britain: but nothing from the Federal Government itself but a series of Soviet-type 'nyets'. Germany should begin to fulfil its role of bridge between East and West. It could best do so by producing an initiative to break the present deadlock.

After a Visit to Moscow

Dr. Schlange-Schöninghen expressed these views in the independent newspaper, *Die Welt*. The newspaper's owner, Herr Springer, and its editor, Herr Zehrer, had just returned from Moscow where they had had a long talk with Mr. Khrushchev. They came back convinced that the Soviet Union was prepared to negotiate constructively and that Russian thinking had moved into conservative and non-revolutionary channels. They believed the time was ripe for every effort to secure political progress. Their main preoccupation, naturally, was with the German question. Herr Zehrer, for instance, stated bluntly that the Western Powers must give up all ideas for freeing the satellite states, in order to reunite Germany.

In Berlin another independent, Professor Meder of the Free University's East European Institute, asked for an all-German council of 100 members to be set up. Membership would be based on population, with 73 West German and 27 East German delegates. The council would draw up an all-German constitution, then negotiate a German peace treaty. Finally, there would be a national referendum to approve or reject the constitution, followed by the free, all-German elections which the West has insisted on as the most operative step towards a German settlement.

It was natural that independents and socialists should have found inspiration in Mr. Kennan's ideas. It was surprising to note their effects on the ranks of Dr. Adenauer's loyal Christian Democrats. On February 5 the President of the Bundestag, Dr. Gerstenmaier, declared that the Rapacki plan—if not acceptable in its present form—was 'a positive symptom which compares favourably with the monotonous repetition of the cast-iron clichés of the Soviet peace proposals'. He asked for a step-by-step diplomatic advance, which 'may perhaps involve small measures rather than comprehensive solutions'—a phrase which mirrored current Social Democratic policy. He suggested there should be further negotiations on three problems—the future political status of Germany, the future German frontiers, and the country's military status within an international security pact. Again, he was almost echoing the speeches of the Social Democrat chairman, Herr Ollenhauer.

On February 20 the Federal Minister for all-German Affairs,

Herr Lemmer, said that there could well be East-West, all-German talks, as long as Herr Ulbricht did not represent the East. Meanwhile all possible personal, economic, and cultural contacts between the two German states should be developed. The Minister saw no objection to a confederation of two equally entitled German states, as long as some form of democratic government existed in both. He suggested the institution of the right of free entry and free speech for East and West Germans in each other's territory.

A Plea for Open Discussion

Meanwhile, another Christian Democrat, Professor Walter Hagemann of Münster University, asked for open discussion of the East German plan for a two-state confederation. For he visualised Western Germany holding a big moral advantage in such a discussion. It had popular support: Ulbricht's regime had not. The Rapacki plan could relax tension and could give Western Germany more positive relations with the satellite states than those they enjoyed with Stalinist Eastern Germany. This would enhance Western Germany's value as a negotiating partner with the Soviet Union.

At one of this year's traditional carnival processions Defence Minister Strauss was depicted as an ostrich with his head in the sand. This may have stung him into action. On February 23 he published a five-point plan which grafted on to the Rapacki proposals an extended atom-free zone, a system of control, and an obligation to discuss German reunification coterminously with disarmament. Herr Strauss later implied that the plan was not entirely his own, but the amalgam of the ideas of 'a number of people'. The Foreign Ministry was incensed—the plan was largely its own and was awaiting Dr. Adenauer's approval on his return from the south of France. But it was significant that Herr Strauss, the most up-and-coming member of the Cabinet, should have presented it as his own.

Dr. Adenauer's critics—and as time goes by they are becoming more numerous—were overjoyed. 'The ice has been broken', wrote Paul Sethe, the journalist and historian who has maintained for the last two years that the West missed a historic opportunity of trading West German rearmament for reunification in 1952. 'The chorus swells', he went on, 'of those who believe that one cannot force a world-power, the Soviet Union, to utter capitulation . . . and one is allowed at long last to have ideas again'. The Sethe formula is simple—Western Germany must treat direct with the Soviet Union, must explore all avenues towards reunification, and need not worry over the hesitation of Western Powers who have only offered intransigence as a counter to Soviet intransigence. Given Russo-German contact, everything will come right in the end. To support that opinion Herr Sethe offered no single concrete argument. But the ice is melting on the Volga, on the Don.

Fear and Wishful Thinking

Fear, emotion, wishful thinking—these are some of the symptoms which prompt the impatience gripping Western Germany today: fear, exemplified by the newspaper cartoon which showed the Arminius statue on the slopes of the Teutoburger Wald holding aloft a Nike rocket; emotion, exemplified by Herr Schlange-Schöninghen's sentence, 'and there, beyond the river Elbe, live our German brothers, who belong to us and to Europe'; wishful thinking—the so-called plans which are being bandied down the corridors of Bonn are full of it. Has there, for instance, been the slightest indication that the Russians are ready to jettison their faithful paladin, Ulbricht? They have just watched him carry out a sweeping, if bloodless, purge without raising a finger to save those East Germans who were searching for their own tortuous way to reunification. Has there been any indication that Soviet foreign policy is really motivated by conservative, non-revolutionary precepts? Possibly the announced withdrawal of 40,000 men of the Red Army from Eastern Germany—of whom 500 have actually left? Or were these men wanted by Mr. Khrushchev on the land? And does the Soviet Union want a fair settlement in central Europe? But the present situation places a heavy strain on the Western Powers, and this strain has been high-lighted by the pitiful squabble over support costs and the equally aimless wrangle over the equipment of the German armed forces.

In an open letter to an American newspaper, Bertrand Russell offered this solution of central Europe's problems:

A neutralised Zone to be established in Central Europe, comprising Germany—East and West—Poland, Czecho-slovakia and Hungary. No alien forces, whether Russian or Western, to be allowed in this Zone. Each country in the Zone to be free to choose its own political and economic system and, in particular, East and West Germany to be allowed to unite with whatever form of constitution they prefer. Germany to accept the Oder-Neisse frontier.

How simple it all sounds! But will the Russians allow East Germans—other than Ulbricht and his dwindling cohort of supporters—to choose a constitution? And will they allow this automatic union of Germany after Mr. Khrushchev has come all the way to Berlin to say that union in freedom is out of the question? And what responsible German has so far accepted the Oder-Neisse line? As well solve a mathematical problem by writing 'Q.E.D.' at the top of the page.

Mr. Kennan's flair and sense of timing have produced results

more fruitful than these so-called 'plans'. The Western Powers have begun to recognise the stark truth that in any struggle with Communism one cannot rest on mildewed diplomatic laurels. They have begun at least to re-examine possibilities. They are shaking off a two years' torpor. That is to the good, but the roads ahead for Germany must be viewed with extreme circumspection. One of them, that of disarmament on the basis of the political *status quo*, is not acceptable to Western Germany. The Dulles Doctrine foresees maintenance of the deadlock until the Russians give in, with the attendant dangers of a continuing military build-up and the siting of nuclear weapons in Western Germany. The third road begins with the 'big offer', withdrawal of foreign troops from German soil, an atom-free zone, the loose German Confederation planned by Khrushchev and Ulbricht as a minimum demand. This road, too, teems with dangers. West German democracy would be subjected to a frightening strain, which it may not be fit to bear. Having helped to perform a botched surgical operation on the body of Germany, it would be criminal for the West to gamble away its soul.—*Third Programme*

Uncovering the Secrets of Antarctica

By GEORGES LACLAVÈRE

THE Antarctic continent is almost as big as South America, but it protects itself from approach by an extensive barrier of pack-ice, the width of which varies from season to season and year to year, but which seems to be at its lowest ebb about this time of the year.

The shape of the continent is remarkably circular, an important feature, as we shall see later; but there are two large seas which penetrate into the interior—the Ross Sea and the Weddell Sea. The bottom of the Ross Sea is only 350 miles from the Pole, while that of the Weddell Sea is at a distance of about 750 miles. Both seas are permanently covered by an ice-shelf. Between these two seas, stretching to the north, there is a remarkable horn-shaped peninsula: it is in fact an extension of the Andean Ridge of South America.

But to return to the circular shape of Antarctica. This circular shape is a dominant factor in determining the circulation of the atmosphere, and of oceanic waters round the continent. If you look at a map of the Antarctic, you will agree that it was natural for early geologists to assume that the Antarctic continent was divided into two main lands, separated by a channel filled with ice and covered by deep ice deposits—a channel joining the Ross and Weddell Seas. There is in fact geological evidence to support this hypothesis. However, seismic soundings and gravity measurements made by the Transantarctic Expedition during the last two months have disclosed that along the track of the expedition the rock bed underneath the ice is everywhere above sea level.

So the problem whether the Antarctic is a real mainland or an archipelago is not yet solved. Soundings made at several stations during the International Geophysical Year indicate that the floor below the ice is close to, or under, sea level: and it would not be surprising if what has already been recognised in Greenland is

true for the Antarctic, that is, that there has been a sinking of the earth's crust under the colossal weight of accumulated ice until a so-called isostatic equilibrium has been obtained.

It is not surprising that the enormous quantity of ice deposited in the Antarctic has a bearing on the climate of the world. The ice represents at least 87 per cent. of the world's total amount.

It has even been advanced that the Antarctic conditions control the climate of the entire earth. This stresses the importance of Antarctic meteorology and justifies the efforts displayed in this remote part of the world during the International Geophysical Year.

Let me describe briefly some of the meteorological problems of the Antarctic. First, what is the part played by the Antarctic continent in the general atmospheric circulation? The planetary circulation has two characteristic features: first, it is zonal, that is along the parallels, from west to east or from east to west—according to latitude and altitude. Second, it is disymmetrical in respect to the equator. By that I mean: the meteorological equator intersects the geo-

graphic, and is mostly located in the Northern Hemisphere.

The little information that has so far been collected about Antarctic meteorology suggests differences from the Arctic, for which the absence of relief round the continent is largely responsible. For instance, the transformation of zonal circulation into cell circulation, which is frequent in the Northern Hemisphere, seldom occurs in the Southern. There the circulation is strictly zonal, with small perturbations produced by the variation of the Southern Polar Front. There is, however, an exception near the tip of South America. The Andean Ridge slows down the zonal circulation, and it is in this area, and between South America and South Africa, that transfers of momentum and heat along the meridians are likely to be the most active. So it is deeply to be



Glaciologists of the Commonwealth Transantarctic Expedition taking recordings of the hardness and density of the snow

regretted that no station could be established at Bouvet Island, half-way between Cape of Good Hope and the Antarctic coast, which is a key post for the study of these meridian transfers.

Another factor is the radiation emitted by the Antarctic. A surface covered with snow radiates similarly to a black body: so the external layers of the Antarctic lose considerable heat by radiation. The climate would then in principle be favourable to the formation of anticyclones, mainly in winter, unless there is a marked relief. A better knowledge of the Antarctic topography is, therefore, necessary. It is hoped that the fifty-seven aerological stations and the thirty-two radiation stations established in the Antarctic for the International Geophysical Year will provide us with the necessary elements to establish what one might call the radiative budget of the Antarctic climate. The study of the ozone concentration made at ten Antarctic stations will also help us to trace out the air movements in the lower layers of the stratosphere, and to tell us about the vertical and meridian movements of air masses above the tropopause.

Let us now consider the Antarctic ice sheet. If the quantity of ice accumulated there were to melt for some unknown reason, it would cause a marked rise in sea level which would endanger coastal cities and flood large coastal areas all over the world. So it is important, if not for the immediate future at least for our great-grandchildren, to find out whether the Antarctic ice sheet is increasing or decreasing.

An estimate has been made of the time required to build up the ice sheet. The area covered with ice is taken as about 5.2 million square miles. The figure formerly accepted for the average thickness was about 5,000 feet. Since the beginning of the International Geophysical Year, soundings made at widely spaced stations have revealed that this figure is too small. At Byrd Station, for example, the thickness of the ice was found to be 9,000 feet. If we adopt the average value of 6,000 feet, then the total mass of ice stored in the Antarctic is some 24,000 million million tons. On the other hand, an estimate has been made of the quantity of water vapour imported annually in the Antarctic; that is, the quantity of water vapour crossing the 70 degrees south parallel from north to south. The figure obtained is 1.6 million million tons per year. If, then, we assume that all the water vapour imported is turned into ice (dividing the total ice investment by the annual income) we find that it took about 14,600 years to build up the Antarctic ice sheet, which is a short time compared to geological ages.

Now let us consider the losses; that is, let us try to establish the ice budget of the Antarctic. We find that the total amount of ice lost every year by blowing snow, icebergs drifting away from the coast, melting and evaporation of ice, is equal to the ice income.

That would mean that the ice budget is balanced. But there are many uncertain factors. The data so far collected do not allow us to be certain of this conclusion, and we are still rather ignorant of the evolution of the Antarctic glaciation. According to a brief radio message that we have received from the Russian headquarters at Mirny in the Antarctic, studies carried out by the Soviet Antarctic expedition seem to suggest that glaciation in the Antarctic is decreasing. It is, of course, a slow process that began maybe 4,000 or 5,000 years ago.

Besides these two subjects, meteorology and glaciology (which are of particular interest in the Antarctic), the fifty-seven Antarctic and Sub-Antarctic stations established by the twelve nations participating in the Antarctic operations of the International Geophysical Year will play their part in the general programme of observations. The object of the International Geophysical Year is indeed primarily to carry out simultaneous synoptic observations all over the world, and the Antarctic region is of great importance. The international committee responsible for the implementation of the scientific programme was well aware of the need for a dense and regularly spaced network of stations in the Antarctic and in the Sub-Antarctic region. Four Antarctic conferences were convened before the opening of the International Geophysical Year, at which the distribution of stations, the radio network and the logistic problems were fully discussed. Thanks to the goodwill of the participating nations, a fair distribution of the stations was worked out. At three of the four key points of the Antarctic, stations have been established: at the geographic pole by the United States, at the two magnetic poles by France and the U.S.S.R. respectively; the fourth point is called the 'pole of relative inaccessibility'—which is self-explanatory. The U.S.S.R. accepted the responsibility of establishing a station at this point, but so far has been unsuccessful.

But whatever scientific effort is being displayed at the moment in the Antarctic, it is oriented towards the programme for the International Geophysical Year, and the data collected will by no means fill all the gaps in our knowledge. In view of this, the Americans have already suggested that advantage should be taken of the enormous capital investment in the Antarctic to carry out further scientific investigations after the end of the International Geophysical Year. This has been accepted by the participating nations and a committee has been formed by the International Council of Scientific Unions to frame a long-term programme of Antarctic research.

It is hoped that the goodwill demonstrated by the nations of the world for the performance of the International Geophysical Year project will lead, in the coming years, to outstanding achievements in the discovery of the secrets of Antarctica.

—Network Three

Why Britain Loses Orders for Exports

By JAMES R. WHITE

BRITAIN has just lost a £10,000,000 contract for supplying Portugal with a complete steel industry. The contract went to a German concern which will co-operate with a Belgian firm. For four centuries Britain was Portugal's principal supplier. In 1955 she was ousted from that position by Germany. Until then it was Britain which won all the big contracts in Portugal: contracts for hydro-electrification plant, for example. Recently, almost everything important has gone to Switzerland, France, Italy, and, especially, Germany. Britain might now be supplying equipment for Lisbon's new underground railway, for the electrification of the country's main railway lines, for a complete television system. She is not. Why not?

The basic answers are simple: Britain's prices are usually higher, for one thing. Britain is also blamed for poor deliveries and, even more important, for not keeping delivery dates. And British credit terms seldom compare with those offered by rivals. How British manufacturers must long to operate in countries rich

enough to offer, as the Germans often do, 'payment at customer's convenience'. Customers complain too that Britain offers no 'after-sale' service comparable with that offered by Swiss, German, and American firms. Germany and other countries are said to study their customer's requirements, to be meticulous with export orders. Britain, it is said, does not always bother.

My wife, who is also a journalist, decided to check such allegations from the inside. To do this she became, for two months, secretary to the managing-director of a small but up-and-coming Portuguese importer and manufacturer. A well known British firm of machinery manufacturers, my wife reported, after several times postponing the shipment of essential machinery, finally sent it off without signing the bill of lading, so the machinery could not be cleared by the Customs without further delay. Similar delays resulted when a world-famous British rubber manufacturer forgot to send a consular invoice. A British firm making industrial plastics delayed despatch so long that the import licence became out of date. This frequently happens with British firms. Requests

for price lists and catalogues, my wife reported, often met with no reply from British firms or were so long in arriving that orders were placed elsewhere.

A couple of months ago a London firm despatched two moulding machines to this Portuguese manufacturer, sending them by air instead of by sea as specified when the letter of credit was passed to London. A letter asking for an explanation and a refund of the difference in freight—about £60—received no reply. The London firm had already claimed the freightage through their client's bankers in London.

A final example of 'couldn't care less' in business comes from a British firm making glass fibre sheets. An import licence was obtained and immediate delivery was requested. Six weeks passed without a word from the exporter. A letter of inquiry then

brought the information that the goods had not been manufactured but would be despatched within about five weeks. Ten weeks passed and two letters received no reply. The Portuguese firm has now cancelled the order: yet another one lost to Britain.

These random examples come from one Portuguese firm in less than a year's trading, as shown by its correspondence files. And in nine cases out of ten when Britain loses an order it goes to Germany. The Germans, my wife reluctantly reports, are not only more efficient with their export orders but they pander to their customers. They deliver on schedule. Their advertising is better; so is their salesmanship. There is much greater co-operation between principals at home and agents in Portugal than most British firms maintain. But who cares? Certainly not the majority of British exporters, it seems.

—'Today' (Home Service)

'John Jobless' of the U.S.A.

By CHRISTOPHER SERPELL, B.B.C. Washington correspondent

A NEW public figure has appeared on the American stage. He has not yet reached the dignity of a political cartoon, but that honour may be conferred on him any time now. He is a depressed character called John Jobless. Statisticians gave him that name and they have been able to describe him in some detail. He is between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-four; he is married and has a family; his last employment was in a steel mill or an aircraft factory or a motor-works, where he was either an unskilled or a semi-skilled labourer. He may hail from Detroit, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Los Angeles, or some small town near one of these centres. He has been out of work for about two months, though he was on part-time before that. Now he is getting unemployment compensation from his State, and possibly some additional benefits from a company unemployment fund instituted fairly recently under trade union pressure. He is not likely to be getting any direct subsidy from his union; he has not got much in the savings bank, and he is heavily in debt over hire purchase.

Decline in Production with Rising Prices

Mr. Jobless is, of course, a statistician's norm—an average drawn from the 5,200,000 American workers who were unemployed in the United States about the middle of last month. The figure is now thought to have climbed above 6,000,000. It is an alarming total, but it must be seen in proportion. In the depths of the great depression that began in 1929, one American worker out of every four was unemployed. Today, it is about one out of every fifteen or sixteen. The reason for John Jobless' existence is decline in industrial production which has resulted in many men being laid off and a good many plants being closed down. This decline is at present mostly confined to what is called 'the production of durable goods', and that seems to mean steel girders, motor-car frames, aircraft parts, and so forth. So geographically it is spotted about the map and some States are much more seriously affected than others. Moreover, the still large majority of workers who are employed are still receiving wages on the high level set by recent years of prosperity, and they are still buying all the smaller kinds of consumer goods. They are only baulking at getting deeper into debt than they are: for example, most of them are not buying a new car this year. So one odd result of this continuing demand for consumer goods is that prices are still rising, a fact that adds to the depression of John Jobless but encourages the economists to think his depression may be short-lived.

As usual there is much learned controversy over the way the depression started. Some time last year, somebody for some reason stopped buying something. It might have been the Government cutting down on defence purchasing; it might have been the small man, frightened of all he was being pressured into buying on the 'never-never' system. Stocks began to accumulate and their presence, unused, sobered up the boom-happy business-man, who decided to postpone his plans for further expansion until he

had reduced what in this country is called his 'inventory'. At the same time the Government, alarmed about the possibility of inflation, was making expansion more difficult by putting curbs on credit. As soon as industry started to spend less—billions of dollars less—on new plant and equipment, the recession had begun its downhill roll, and there is more controversy now over whether the gradient will level off or whether something drastic must be done to arrest the growing snowball, and, if so, what?

The steel industry, which is perhaps the most deeply involved, confidently predicts a recovery towards the end of the summer—about September, perhaps—when stocks are exhausted and a real demand for more steel sets in. Some highly placed economists in the Government believe the whole situation is really healthy. The nation, they say, is sweating off some of its fat; and by that they seem to mean that there has been over-employment and that the same amount of productivity could be reached with fewer men on the payroll. They foresee, even after the business recovery, a much higher permanent unemployment figure than there has been in the past because, they say, factories will go further over towards automation. However, there are also the pessimists who point out that if the number of the unemployed continues to rise much further, the demand for consumer goods will begin to shrink drastically, and then the depression might get out of control. The demand predicted by the industrialists when stocks are exhausted might never then be realised.

Vote-catching Relief Measures?

Besides the pessimists, there are also the politicians aware of Congressional elections this autumn. So conspicuous relief measures likely to catch the votes of 6,000,000 unemployed are more popular with the politicians than the conservative and indirect steps taken so far by the administration, which is afraid of starting another cycle of inflation. One typically political remedy is tax reduction, and both political parties, the Democrats and the Republicans, are now manoeuvring to deprive each other of credit for initiating tax cuts. President Eisenhower has indicated he will wait another month before sponsoring them. He hopes unemployment figures will take a turn for the better in the spring sunshine. But the more politically minded Vice-President Nixon has come out already in favour of lower taxes right across the board. He believes in exploiting the winter of John Jobless' discontent.

—'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)

Another valuable contribution to our knowledge of the structure of English parliaments in the seventeenth century comes from an American historian, Thomas L. Moir. In *The Added Parliament of 1614* (Oxford, 30s.) he discusses the elections to the Commons, the membership of both Houses, and the debates during the two-month session. He considers that the Crown was then trying to acquire the parliamentary patronage of a declining nobility. 'If it had succeeded', Mr. Moir writes, 'the House of Commons might have declined until it represented no real force in the government'.

The Listener

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State Visit to Holland

THE kingdom of the Netherlands which Her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh are visiting next week is a particularly apt example of Dr. Arnold Toynbee's famous historical theory of 'challenge and response'. This small country, blessed with few natural advantages, has played a distinguished part in the history of European civilisation and culture because its citizens have shown skill and enterprise in producing wealth and art in reply to nature's challenge. Three times she has faced great crises. First when in her revolt against the Habsburg Empire, the epic story of which was told by Motley, she won her independence. The revolt was partly religious, partly nationalistic, and was encouraged by our first Queen Elizabeth. The second occasion was when after her independence was taken from her by the Emperor Napoleon she found herself assigned by the Powers to unification with Belgium. After the revolution of 1830 independence was regained, only to be lost again to the tyranny of Hitler. In the war of 1940 the Dutch resisted heroically against hopeless odds and suffered the terrible destruction of Rotterdam. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh will visit the national memorial which commemorates the 210,000 Dutch people who were killed in that war. Now once more she rejoices in freedom and the enterprise of her people is undimmed.

Queen Juliana, who with her husband Prince Bernhard will receive the royal visitors, is a member of the House of Orange which has furnished monarchs since 1815. But long before that the Princes of Orange were famous men in the Netherlands. William the Silent and his heirs were the heroes of the war against the might of Spain: Prince William III of Orange, who became our own King William III, led the struggle against King Louis XIV of France, who was finally humbled by the first Duke of Marlborough. Few, if any, dynasties in the history of modern Europe are so closely identified with the destinies and aspirations of the peoples over whom they ruled. Queen Juliana is a constitutional Queen. The Dutch Parliament, a bicameral system very different from our own, is elected on a basis of proportional representation which inevitably leads to a group system: the present Government is a coalition of Labour, Roman Catholics and others, and the monarchy is an admirable symbol of national unity. The nation is much smaller than ours, but our two nations have much in common. Indeed a Dutch visitor to East Anglia might imagine, apart from the difference in language, that he was still at home.

During the seventeenth century and early eighteenth century Britain and the Netherlands were commercial and colonial rivals. Then the smaller population and relative defencelessness of the Netherlands put her at a disadvantage. But she found fine sailors and soldiers who enabled her to abase British power and to resist the persistent attacks of the French. For many years her commerce flourished and she sustained an empire. At the same time the genius of her painters became known throughout the world, a unique genius differing from the art of the Mediterranean. Her achievements in trade, in agriculture, and in art have always been broad-based upon a spirit of democracy and religious toleration. Everyone knows and praises the reclamation of land from the sea, the tulips and the dairies of Holland, but her greatest contribution to civilisation lies in those more intangible things of the spirit.

What They Are Saying

More about the 'summit' conference

ON March 14, at a mass rally in Moscow, on the eve of the Soviet 'elections', Mr. Khrushchev accused the United States of obstructing plans for a 'summit' conference. He described President Eisenhower's reference to the East European States as 'unheard of', adding:

We declare that, in the event of new attempts to alter by force the position in socialist countries, we shall not remain spectators. We shall not abandon our friends.

(Two days before Hungary's traditional Day of Freedom, *Pravda* was quoted from Moscow as saying: 'The U.S.S.R. has never raised, and will never raise, arms against any country with a view to enforcing on that country her own system and ideology'.)

ON March 14—just before the United States announcement of three more nuclear tests within forty-eight hours in the Soviet Union—Moscow radio broadcast a statement by the Soviet Foreign Ministry saying that the Soviet Union's call for a summit conference was intended to lead to an immediate solution of the disarmament problem, and that the Soviet Government would go on refusing to take part in disarmament talks within the United Nations. On March 15 Moscow radio broadcast a Soviet Government statement again refusing to discuss the Western proposal for banning the use of outer space for military purposes, unless this was linked with the abolition of United States military bases in foreign territories. The coupling of the two questions was also insisted on by Mr. Khrushchev in his 9,000-word letter to *The New Statesman*, published on March 13, in which he prophesied that 'the people' everywhere—including the British and Americans—would come to want Communism, and that in the event of a nuclear war the Communists would win.

ON March 12 Moscow radio broadcast an interview which Mr. Khrushchev gave to the Polish newspaper *Trybuna Ludu*, in which he pronounced the verdict: 'It is either peaceful coexistence or war'. He said he was against the Western proposals that Foreign Ministers should discuss matters of substance in preparation for summit talks, but he would prefer a Foreign Ministers' meeting to secret diplomatic negotiations, in order to avoid 'deceiving public opinion'.

ON March 15 United States State Department officials described as 'wholly unacceptable' the Soviet proposal that United States bases abroad should be abolished as a condition for a ban on the military use of outer space. Commentators in the United States expressed the view that the American and Soviet viewpoints seem to have reached deadlock.

Moscow broadcasts continued to attack the Seato conference in Manila, which ended on March 13. From the United States *The New York Times* was quoted as saying that there was something fantastic in the contrast between the small and dispersed military force available to Seato and the outcries from Moscow aroused by any Western-inspired attempt to defend and befriending, in equal partnership, the underdeveloped nations of south-east Asia. Commenting on the Soviet *Tass* statement issued on the eve of the Seato conference, which, *inter alia*, gave notice that any Asian countries accepting nuclear and rocket weapons would 'certainly become targets for retaliation against the aggressor', the *Sydney Morning Herald* said:

It is not the first time that Russia has loosed a blast against Seato, but it is the first time that such a direct and determined attempt has been made to scare off the Asian partners and warn off other uncommitted Asian states which might be considering the advantages of membership. With the stick comes the carrot: the offer of a collective peace treaty, its terms, to be sure, undefined, but carrying an aura of goodwill and sweet reasonableness.

Moscow's accusations that Western members of Seato were giving armed help to the rebels in Indonesia were described by one Australian newspaper as throwing 'vicious stuff into the Indonesian cauldron'. The *Melbourne Age* was quoted as commenting:

Moscow knows that such charges fall on fertile ground in parts of Asia and sow the kind of hostility to the West from which they reap advantage. It is vital therefore . . . to take immediate steps to expose this slander for the lie it is.

Did You Hear That?

HOW TO RECORD OLD BUILDINGS

'BUILDINGS OF ALL KINDS—not only the parish church and manor house—are most revealing evidence for the good local historian', said Dr. W. G. HOSKINS in 'As It Happened' (West of England Home Service).

'I should like to see every parish history, and every town history—provided the town is not too large—finish with a sort of building survey, a more or less detailed description of the place as it is today, all the buildings, both domestic and industrial, that are, say, more than 100 years old. For a big town you might have to confine yourself to the buildings dating from before 1800 so as to make the task a manageable one.

'There are books that teach you all about the larger houses and how to date them. But when you get down to farmhouses and cottages and industrial buildings, you will not find much in print that helps. However, one useful little pamphlet was published a couple of years ago on this subject, which I think every local historian worthy of the name should possess and digest. It is called *The Investigation of Smaller Domestic Buildings* and was published by the Council for British Archaeology. You can get it from the Council for British Archaeology, at 10 Bolton Gardens, London, S.W.5—price 10d. post free.

'I know many people say they could not make a plan of a house to save their lives. I do not believe this. It is perfectly simple and many amateurs have learnt how to do it. Some plans will be better than others, of course—but any record is better than none, especially as we are dealing with buildings that are in constant danger of being pulled down or altered or messed about.

'The most important item of equipment is a good tape measure, preferably a proper surveyor's tape, sixty-six feet long, so that you do not have a number of fiddling little measurements to make—each perhaps involving a small error as you go along. You also want a block of squared paper so that you can record your measurements on a rough plan as you go. You redraw the plan on squared paper accurately at home, of course, and sort the thing out properly.

'You can put notes about the materials the house is built of in the same notebook. If you are good at sketching, some drawings of the house and certain features like an old doorway or fireplace would be a valuable addition to the record. Photographs are essential, too. Photograph the building back and front, and any other feature—inside or out—which seems worth recording in detail. I ought to add, though it is rather obvious, that ideally you need a friend to help with the tape—to hold one end firmly against the wall while you go along recording all the significant measurements and writing them down at once in your notebook'.

PARISH 'BRIEFS'

The Rev. R. A. JONES spoke about the parish 'briefs' of Dowles in 'Midland Miscellany'. 'What was a brief?' he asked. 'The origin of the word is medieval; it was a letter sent by ecclesiastical authority to forward the sale of indulgences; the proceeds of

these sales were devoted to religious and charitable purposes. After the Reformation in England, the sending of briefs went on, mainly under royal authority, and they became a direct appeal to the charity of Englishmen for the support of good causes. In the Book of Common Prayer, we read immediately after the Creed in the Communion Service "And then . . . shall Briefs, Citations and Excommunications be read".

'So it was that at fairly regular intervals the people of the parish heard their parson read out at divine service an appeal for aid which might originate from nearby Bewdley or Arley, or might come from Kent, from the North of Scotland, or from Ireland. Some of the briefs sought help for sufferers from calamities such as fires, floods, or shipwrecks; others were for religious and benevolent purposes such as building or restoring churches, redeeming captives, helping those who suffered from religious persecution, or assisting victims of attacks by robbers or pirates. Here are some of the entries for a typical year—Easter 1703–Easter 1704:

'May 9. Collected then in the parish Church of Dowles in the county of Shropshire by virtue of Blaisdon brief in the county of Gloucester the sum of three shillings and tenpence by us. [Here follow the signatures of William Price, the Rector, and Francis Rednall, the churchwarden of the day.]

'May 30. Collected by virtue of the brief for the Cathedral Church in Chester: three shillings.

'August 15. Collected upon the brief for Isaac Robotham of Draycott in the Clay in the county of Stafford three shillings and sixpence.

'December 5, upon the brief for Will Odell, Thomas King, etc., sufferers from fire in the parish of St. Giles in the county of Middlesex two shillings and sixpence three farthings.

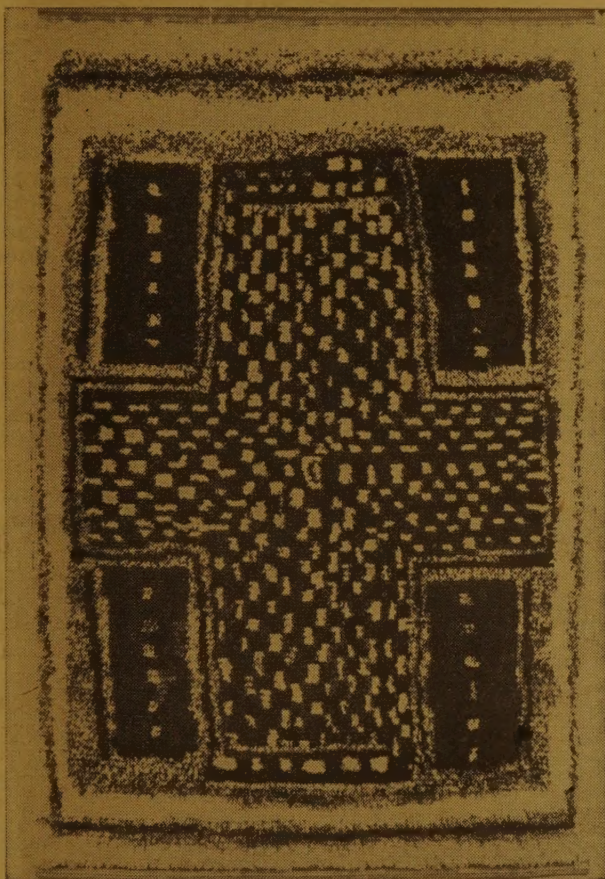
'March 5. By virtue of the brief for the inhabitants of the principality of Orange forced to quit their native country for the sake of religion to the number of three thousand the sum of nine shillings and eightpence'.

APPEALING FINNISH RUGS

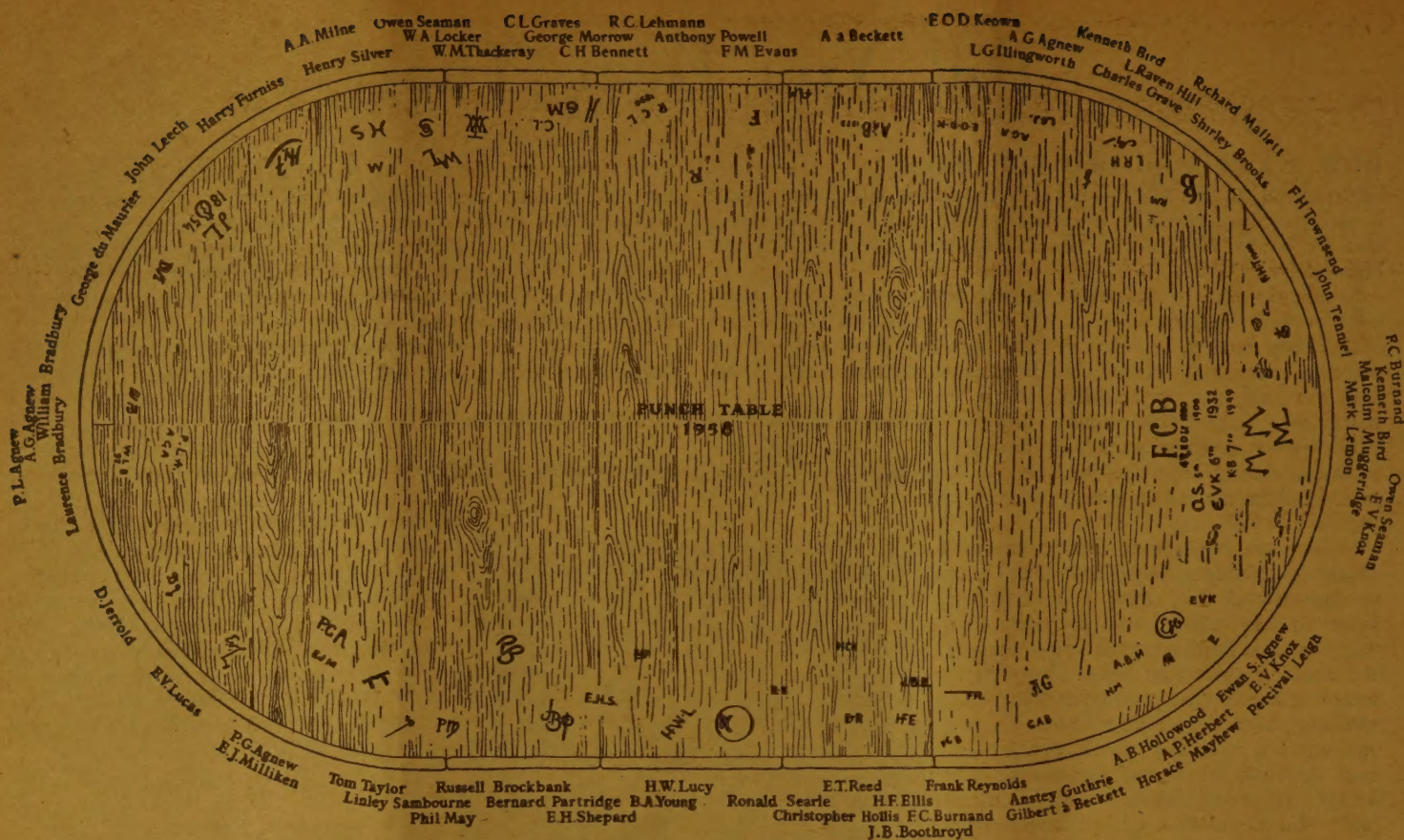
An exhibition of Finnish rugs is now on view at the Victoria and Albert Museum. DAVID HOLMES, a B.B.C. reporter, explained in 'The Eye-witness' that a Finn would no more walk on one of the rugs on view than he would on a painting.

'For one thing', he continued, 'he would not keep it on the floor but on the walls of his house or office, and for a second he would genuinely think of it as if it were a painting, a true expression of Finnish abstract art. To tell the truth, I found it hard not to think of these rugs as an exhibition of paintings—unframed paintings—and the artists, the rug-makers, are quite prepared for you to do so. Another thing they are prepared for you to do, and even invite you to do, is to touch all but the older rugs. The oldest is 250 years old. With the modern ones, and the most recent came off the loom only last week, you can run your fingers through the deep, shaggy pile—in fact, you are missing something if you do not.

'A Finnish architect has designed the exhibition, and she has



One of the rugs on view at the exhibition of Finnish rugs at the Victoria and Albert Museum: 'Eventide', 1958, by Hilikka Vuorinen



aimed at giving a Finnish air to this London gallery. The openness of the lay-out suggests the amount of elbow-room there is in Finland. Over the wide skylights she has put a gauze which filters a white, still light down on the rugs, just the light, the Finns tell me, of those summer nights when the sun never sets.

'This white light brings me to an odd point about the rugs: Finland is a land of little colour, yet the rugs—in reds, blues, greens, and purples—blaze with fire and flame, blaze with a primitive force and yet with subtlety. They are direct and appealing, yet the way they achieve their effect is anything but simple. There is one prize-winning rug called "Four Colours" which looks at first as though it has just that many colours in it, but its individuality, its subtle gradations of tone and colour have been obtained by using seventy-two colours of wool.

'More and more artists and weavers in Finland are taking up this revival of rug-making in their country, yet the yearly production is still only 300 or so. I thought as I went round that I would not mind having one on my walls, if I could find £150'.

'PUNCH' TABLE, 1958

'The *Punch* Table itself is a large chunk of deal', said J. B. BOOTHROYD in 'Today'. 'When Thackeray sat there he commemorated it in a song called "The Mahogany Tree"—which only shows that you should not mix sentiment with facts. In any case, mahogany would have been a nuisance—much too hard. Because one of the two duties of a man elected to the *Punch* Table is to carve his initials on it—the other being to turn up for lunch every Wednesday for life, unless he has a cast-iron excuse.

'About sixty writers and artists have carved their initials; not many, to cover 117 years: Phil May, Tenniel, Bernard Partridge, A. A. Milne, John Leech, Douglas Jerrold, old Mark Lemon who started the whole thing, George du Maurier, E. V. Lucas. They all sat there and behaved much as we do today, now that their initials are crowded out by ours—Bernard Hollowood, who sits in Mark Lemon's chair, E. V. Knox, A. P. Herbert, Ronald Searle, Kenneth Bird ("Fougasse"), Eric Keown, H. F. Ellis, Illingworth, Russell Brockbank. Just as they did, we sit under our portraits that hang round the dining room walls, and make insulting remarks about the menu kindly provided by the proprietors, and equally insulting ones about each other: the kind of insults that can only be exchanged among people

who think highly of one another and are glad to be together.

'But when the brandy and cigars come on we have to get down to the real business, which is to decide what *Punch* is going to say in next week's main political cartoon. Someone puts up a suggestion; someone shoots it down; someone else says: "Just a minute. Suppose we did it this way . . . ?" and the discussion starts to flow. The artists begin rough sketches of how the idea might be treated, and these are passed round, often to disparaging comments from the other artists, while the writers, naturally handicapped, can only add an extra curl to Mr. Macmillan's moustache, or shade in a pair of dark glasses on Mr. Gaitskell. Leslie Illingworth, as cartoonist-in-chief, says little. He knows that in the end all will depend on him. And we know, from experience, that his interpretations will strengthen an idea that might have been stronger, and make a strong idea terrific.

'Of course we feel that our predecessors at the Table had a softer time. It was easy to come down firmly one way or the other over the Reform Bill or the Indian Mutiny. To decide whether or not we want a British hydrogen-bomb is a bit more tricky. And again, one of our chief headaches is the time factor. The domestic or international situation prevailing when we discuss the cartoon today may have altered sharply by the time *Punch* comes out with it in a week's time. It means that today's Table, as well as trying to be witty and wise, often has to risk being a bit prophetic, too'.

A SIMPLE EXPLANATION FOR NON-SCIENTISTS

'We are wrong to speak about "fissionable material"', said RITCHIE CALDER in the Home Service. "Fissionable" means that it can be split but what is really meant is atoms which split themselves. So it should be "fissile" not "fissionable". Uranium and radium and a few other elements have a natural tendency to split and throw off energy and particles. But in natural uranium only one atom in 140 does so, and what has happened in the past eighteen years is that we have learned how to use this type of uranium atom to make other elements which are "fissile"—capable of splitting themselves. You can turn those other 139 inactive atoms of uranium metal into plutonium which when it splits in sufficient quantity makes the explosion of the atom bomb. But you can also use such self-splitting atoms for innocent purposes—as "fission fuel" for atomic-stations which produce electricity'.

Socialism in One Country

HAROLD WINCOTT replies to Robin Marris*

POLITICAL labels can be notoriously misleading. The political trends of today can change by tomorrow. Given these reservations, it is fair to say that the free world has moved to the right since the early post-war days. Certainly, important elements in it today have right-wing governments where formerly left-wing parties ruled. Moreover, in the nature of things, most men of affairs, the men who take the financial and business decisions the world over, tend instinctively to mistrust socialism.

This combination of circumstances poses a real problem for the British Labour Party as the general election approaches. Must its policies be conditioned by circumstances outside Britain? Or can it adhere to socialist principles, bearing in mind that much of the structure of controls that the last Labour Government inherited has been dismantled? Mr. Robin Marris, in common with other socialist thinkers, has faced up to this question. Personally, I do not agree with the conclusions he reached in his recent talk, for reasons I shall give shortly. But at least we can welcome the fact that the Labour Party is debating these matters openly.

It is not my intention to attempt a point-by-point discussion of Mr. Marris' analysis. I shall concentrate most of my attention on the question of a flight of capital, because I believe this could be the major immediate problem facing both a Labour Government and Britain itself. Before getting down to this issue, however, I would like to consider the other matters Mr. Marris discussed.

Attractions of Emigration

First, this emigration business: there are, I think, two aspects of it—the material and the psychological. Mr. Marris quoted figures of salaries and taxation in this country and the United States, which he thought showed that the net differences in the two countries were not so greatly in favour of America as is commonly supposed, when allowance is made for the fact that American incomes must be scaled down by a bigger divisor than the official exchange rate of \$2.80.

I agree that the official rate is misleading for such comparisons. If anything, I would use a higher divisor than the figure of \$3.50 Mr. Marris used. But it seemed to me that Mr. Marris erred in ignoring indirect taxation—purchase tax and so on—which is generally much lower in North America than it is in Britain and which particularly affects the cost of items generally identified with a high material standard of life. Knowing America and Canada reasonably well myself, I have no doubt—as indeed Mr. Marris has no doubt—that the average standard of living there is much higher than it is in this country. Recent calculations, in fact, have shown that the average American automobile worker has to work some 820 hours to buy a particular make of car. His opposite number in this country would have to work 3,000 hours to buy an equivalent car here. A similar state of affairs prevails in all mass-produced durable consumer goods.

On this, I think it might be interesting to quote an actual experience. My daughter recently spent twelve months in the United States, working most of the time as a shorthand typist in New York. She started at \$70 a week and finished at \$80. (A really experienced secretary, incidentally, can earn over \$100 a week.) My daughter roomed with two American girls in Manhattan—not the cheapest place in the world in which to live. She found she could save approximately \$100 a month—\$1,200 a year, or over £400 at the official rate of exchange. In real terms, she found she could take three months off going right round America. I am certain no typist in this country in an equivalent job commands such real purchasing power. What is true for a manual worker in a car factory, or a typist in an office, is certainly true for skilled technicians and industrialists.

Even more important, I feel, is the psychological aspect. The

atmosphere of life in the States is more virile, more exciting, than it is here. It is—the current industrial setback apart—still a sharply expanding economy, with the long-term population trend strongly upwards. The same is true of the two Commonwealth countries Mr. Marris mentioned. In Canada and Australia there is a general expectation of growth, of belief in the countries' future, of opportunity for everyone that frankly I do not think exists in Britain. There is, too, in these newer countries less class-consciousness, less snobbery, if you like, than there is here. You are accepted much more for what you yourself are and have achieved than for what your father and grandfather were and did. Mr. Marris himself made this point—and I agree completely with it. But we do seem to have created here an attitude of mind which is envious and resentful of individual success. The American workman or junior executive, seeing the boss arrive at the works in his Cadillac, says to himself: 'My word, I'll have a Cadillac before I'm finished'. In this country, we tend to say: 'He must have got it by a tax fiddle. Why should he have one when I haven't? Take it away from him'.

Mr. Marris said that the Labour Party's contemporary policies specifically do not require more intensive use of progressive direct taxation on current incomes. Frankly, most of the people concerned, the business executives, aspiring leaders of industry and the professions, will not believe him. They recall the bitter attacks made by the socialists on Mr. Peter Thorneycroft's last Budget—the one Budget in the whole post-war series which really set out to restore worth-while financial incentives to these people. Neither is it, in my opinion, possible to differentiate, as Mr. Marris appeared to do, between various sections of the middle classes, praising the technologist and the manager, and, by implication at least, denigrating the professions. The finest technologist may be an indifferent manager of men and affairs; an accountant or a solicitor, knowing little or nothing of science or industrial technology, may nevertheless be a first-class industrial leader.

The professions, at least, will see in Mr. Marris' differentiation an extension of precisely that feature of socialism they find most distasteful—the attempt to set class against class, in this case by applying what I call 'planning values'. Mr. Marris argued that the traditional cause of emigration is the existence of a high level of demand for labour overseas, coupled with an inadequate demand in the mother country. I would remind Mr. Marris that traditionally there has been another cause—persecution—and that many members of the middle classes feel, rationally or irrationally, that they have come close to persecution in this country over the post-war years.

Cramping Attitude to the Successful

This country of ours has in many ways enormous, unequalled attractions to offer to its people. Every time I come back to it—from America, Canada, or Australia—I feel there is no other country for me. But we shall ignore these material and psychological attractions which the newer countries hold out, particularly to our young folk, at our peril: and it can hardly be disputed, rightly or wrongly, fairly or unfairly, that what is regarded as the socialist mentality here is a cramping, envious attitude towards the successful and the enterprising.

I am certainly not one of those who feel that this country can never recapture the more exciting, virile atmosphere of life which exists in the newer countries. Particularly if the European Free Trade Area can be made a reality, our horizon would be immensely widened. Majority opinion in the Labour Party and in the trade union movement has surprised many people by welcoming the concept of the area. But Mr. Aneurin Bevan has opposed it on the grounds that we should be sacrificing control over our own affairs. I cannot help suspecting that when it comes to the point the rank and file of the socialist movement here

* Mr. Marris' talk was printed in THE LISTENER of March 6

will stand behind Mr. Bevan, in a strange alliance with the Rochdale cotton employers and others similarly affected, to oppose our participation.

The British Labour Party is emotionally internationally minded. But in practice it becomes nationalist. Its leaders very properly welcomed Hungarian refugees to this country with open arms some fifteen months ago. But it was sometimes a different story when it came to fitting these people into our industrial structure. There can be no doubt that our participation in the Free Trade Area would impose a much greater discipline on both sides of British industry. I question whether the Labour Party, in its heart of hearts, would welcome that discipline. I suspect that many modern socialists still cherish Robert Blatchford's idea of a Merrie England—a tight, self-contained, self-sufficient island, remote and insulated from the awkward pressures and disciplines of international trading.

'Internal' and 'External' Pounds

This brings me to the threat of a flight of capital from a socialist Britain. There are two problems here: the problem of pounds owned by United Kingdom citizens, and the problem of pounds either owned or traded in by people outside this country. We can call them, if you like, 'internal' and 'external' pounds.

The apparatus for the control of 'internal' pounds can be established easily enough: and let us be clear that no United Kingdom citizen would have any real right to complain if it were, however much he or she disliked the process. This is a democracy, and if the British people elect a government which wants to ban the export of capital, then the whole nation must abide by that decision. But if the Labour Party is in fact contemplating such a step, it must be aware of certain things. First, this flight of 'internal' pounds, if it takes place, may well occur before Labour takes over. It will be reasonably clear—from the Gallup Polls and so on—which way the election will go before it is held. Ever since the end of the war it has been legal for owners of these 'internal' pounds to transfer them anywhere they like within the Sterling Area. You can buy securities in Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and so on. You can deposit your money in banks in these countries or wherever you like, provided it is in the Sterling Area.

We saw a flight of capital through these channels when a Labour Government came into office last time—which is one reason, I am sure, why socialists are thinking of making a repetition impossible. The results, from the investor's point of view, were sometimes rather unhappy; it really was a case of jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire. Some bad investments were made; sometimes it was difficult to bring money home again to this country. However, the fact remains that such a movement might happen again.

Moreover, since exchange control is not always strict or efficient in some parts of the sterling area, some of these internal pounds would eventually be converted—at a loss to the owners, it is true—into dollars or other hard currencies, and would thus constitute a drain on the area's reserves of such currencies. But much more serious would be the psychological effects of such a flight of capital. And this is where the 'external' pound—the pound which is beyond our control—could come in.

For people overseas would quickly become aware of what was going on. They would argue, not unfairly, that if people here thought so badly of our currency, they, the foreigners, had better not hold it and should use it as little as possible. Even without this example, they might dislike or fear our socialism sufficiently strongly to take this action. Herein, of course, lies the real danger. For if a run on 'external' pounds set in, we might find in a short time that our gold and dollar reserves had run out. Then we should be forced to devalue sterling again—which would do us no real good at all—and even so we might not be able to buy abroad sufficient raw materials and food to keep ourselves employed and fed. For our overseas suppliers might well refuse to accept payment in sterling, and we should have little else to pay with. We might be forced, as we were forced in 1931, to go to foreign countries to beg for credits; and the foreign countries might well impose conditions—again as they did in 1931—before granting credits. Those conditions would probably be unacceptable to the Labour Party—but 'beggars can't be choosers'.

Moreover, it is open to question—even assuming that controls on the export of internal pounds were imposed in time—whether these controls could be effective. It is no use beating about the bush. The whole history of controls shows that no sooner are they instituted than someone finds a way of getting round them. It is illegal, immoral, and unpatriotic. But it happens. Capital can be exported in many and convenient forms. Are we to strip and search every person from this country who goes abroad on business and holidays; search every car, every sailing boat that can be across the Channel in a couple of hours; check every business transaction which earns foreign currency to see that every penny is remitted home? If people wanted to get capital out of this country badly enough they would do it. You must not think I am just trying to make your flesh creep, like Dickens' Fat Boy. Maybe none of these things would happen. Maybe the process would not go to the lengths I have described. A great deal depends on the attitude and statements of the Labour leaders over the next eighteen months. A good deal depends on general conditions and the time at which the election is held. But clearly the socialists think that something like this *could* happen—or otherwise why do they want to ban the export of 'internal' pounds? In fact there are a considerable number of other people who are afraid that something like it would happen.

It is worth while asking ourselves at this point why these fears exist. The answer is simple: it is just that the socialists have acquired the reputation of being beastly to, again of almost persecuting, capital. They have already made a list of the things they want to do to investors 'next time': whether these things in the event will prove as unpleasant as investors expect them to is beside the point. The point is that investors believe the socialists are going to be nasty to them again. I know: they write to me at great length about it.

We are promised a capital gains tax and possibly dividend limitation as well. We are promised that houses will be 'municipalised'. If that happens, either the owners of those houses will be bilked, receiving in payment non-negotiable scrip like the post-war credits; or the market in government securities will be swamped by a very large issue of housing stock issued in payment for the houses. This, of course, will be in addition to the large amount of government stock to be issued when the steel industry is nationalised.

Demoralising the Gilt-Edged Market

We might then get a completely demoralised gilt-edged market. This question of the condition of the gilt-edged market is important—on two counts. First, the public sector of the economy—the government, the local authorities, and the nationalised industries—can only finance its new investment through issuing gilt-edged securities. Today, the public sector is responsible for nearly half of all the investment done in this country. The socialists want to enlarge the public sector. They also want, rightly, to expand investment. But how do you sell gilt-edged stocks when these have become so discredited that no one wants to buy them? Even under a Conservative Government, we had nearly reached the stage last September when the only way the public sector could finance long-term investment was by issuing Treasury Bills—three months' I.O.U.s. Everyone who could was running away from so-called gilt-edged into ordinary shares. Treasury Bill finance is inherently inflationary finance. Doubtless steps would be taken to suppress this inherent inflation if it arose—more controls, of course—but once credit has been created without genuine savings to match it, it is like trying to screw down the valves on a boiler into which you are continually pumping steam: in the end, the thing blows up in your face.

The second reason why this threat to the gilt-edged market is so important is that people outside this country, notably in the sterling area, are large holders of British Government securities. Some of them have been sufficiently worried about these investments in recent months to consider seriously how they can get out of them. Ghana has appointed a panel of experts to advise her on this subject, and has not apparently ruled out the possibility of selling her British Government stocks and buying instead British Ordinary shares or even American and German securities.

Many people will find this a depressing picture. 'Why', they may protest, 'what you're saying is that we can't elect a Labour

Government, pledged to carry out socialist policies'. What I am saying, I think, is that this country is in a unique position. We are trying to maintain twice the population nature intended us to maintain on these islands. We can do this only by international trade, which inevitably requires that our currency be an international currency, a currency people are willing to hold. Because of this we are probably the one country in the world which *cannot* afford socialism—if socialism involves hostility to capital.

There is an old banking maxim which says that so long as a depositor in a bank knows that the bank will take good care of his money, let him have it whenever he wants it, the depositor will be happy to leave his money in the bank. But mismanage his money, expropriate some of it, threaten to limit or stop his withdrawals and you get such a run on the bank that it has to shut its doors. Do you then blame the depositors—or the bank?—*Third Programme*

King Ramiro's Churches

By NIKOLAUS PEVSNER

I CANNOT imagine why so few people visit the north of Spain. Instead of exploring that mountainous strip that runs along from Santander to Santiago the business men go to Madrid and visit Toledo, the lazy go to the Costa Brava, and the romantically inclined go to Seville and Cordova. Admittedly, we were after something special when we toured parts of northern Spain rather intensely some months ago. We were with friends in a comfortable and roomy car—theirs, not ours—and if the gear-lever every now and then got so hot that you burnt your fingers when you touched it, what can you expect of a countryside where you never go from one place to another without climbing 3,000 feet or more somewhere? This obstruction is in fact what accounts for the historical mission of Asturias, the centre piece of the northern strip, and for the survival of those buildings which we travelled all the way to see. It was worth the trouble—a trouble including many hotels with no water between 5 p.m. and 9 a.m., queer hotels with hair-pins as light switches, and some hotels with really rather revoltingly greasy food.

But perhaps you should not ask for luxury on a journey back as far as the eighth and ninth centuries. For the historically minded the Spain of that period has a great thrill. You must remember that the Moors had occupied Spain in the years after 711 and had only been held up in 735 right in the middle of France. By then the revolt had also started in Asturias. It started with the Battle of Covadonga below the snow-capped peaks of Europa, east of Oviedo. Oviedo is the capital of Asturias, a big modern city much damaged in the fierce fighting in the civil war and now undecided between industrial shabbiness and flashy new building. The hero of the battle was Pelayo, a nobleman of

Visigothic descent. When the Moors came the Visigoths had ruled Spain for nearly 300 years. Their capital had been Toledo, and they had built some remarkable things. However, little of that survives. But when the Asturian revolt spread, when first the north-west with its venerable spiritual centre Santiago de Compostela, and then territories south of the Asturian mountains were captured, the Asturian liberators could choose for their own buildings between Visigothic and Moorish models.

These buildings which I shall try to describe to you belong to the ninth century—in European terms, the time from Charlemagne's glorious Empire and his Renaissance of Roman beauty and splendour to the collapse of that Empire, or in English terms to the time of the Danish invasions and the settlement under Alfred the Great. The King of Asturias who is of central interest to us is Ramiro I, a man of whom little is known. He is said to have been 'hard and just'. He made several sallies against the Infidels and during one of them the legend tells us that Santiago himself, that is the apostle St. James Major, appeared to him on horseback and guided him to victory. Santiago also told him that Christ had made over to him, Santiago, as his special province, the whole of Spain.

But while history is silent about King Ramiro, he means much to the history of Western architecture, much more than most people know. The buildings which were designed during the short eight years of his reign and happen to have survived in their improbable situations are among the most important and the most rewarding of their time in Europe. They are not as grand and noble and civilised as Charlemagne's own palace church of Aachen, but they are far more powerful than smaller Carolingian churches. They are also more interesting, I think, than any of their date in France, and they are as interesting as the Anglo-Saxon churches of England, and without doubt architecturally much more exciting. But they have more in common with the English churches than with any on the Continent, and that makes them specially worth while from our insular point of view.

They are small, that must be said at once, but so are Bradwell-on-Sea, Bradford-on-Avon, and nearly all the others in England. That does not mean that there were no bigger churches in Spain or England. The cathedral of Oviedo in the ninth century had twelve altars, York Minster at the same time had thirty, and the



Column with decorated capital in the church of San Pedro de Nave (c. A.D. 680), Asturias

L. Worth



Santa Maria de Naranco, Asturias (c. A.D. 850), built originally as the royal hall of King Ramiro's villa on Mount Naranco

cathedral of Tours in France in the fifth century had 52 windows and 120 columns. But these major buildings have all been swept away. Where we are lucky, we have such small fragments of them as the catacomb-like crypt at Hexham or the cavernous two-storeyed vaulted chamber of the Camara Santa at Oviedo. It is very likely that these major churches of England and Spain and of France and Germany were like those of Ravenna and Rome, that is, buildings with a relatively long nave and aisles, and a uniform procession of columns accompanying the worshipper from the entrance to the apse with its high altar.

But the surviving Asturian churches are different; and, what is more, they are entirely different one from the other, not at all standardised in plan or in elevation—although all are of one unmistakable character. Their naves are short. Some have aisles and some have not. Some have one apse, but most have three in a row, all straight-ended, not rounded: straight-ended like those of Bradford-on-Avon, Barton-on-Humber, and so many other Anglo-Saxon ones. They have, again, exactly like the Anglo-Saxon churches, curious chambers attached in all directions; *porticus* was the contemporary name for them in England. It may be a west porch, one or two-storeyed, as at Monkwearmouth; or it may be square side chambers, transept-like but not open to the body of the church as transepts usually are; or it may be—and this is especially odd—a two-storeyed chancel. So these Asturian churches consist of a number of separate apartments, composed in a variety of ways. This strange method of agglomerating had already begun in England at Bradwell and Bradford, before the year 700. So it had in Spain.

The most impressive monument of this early date is San Pedro de Nave, some fifteen miles west of Zamora, and not very far from the Portuguese frontier. You reach San Pedro on a dusty lane and find it in a hot dusty village, as African as any I have seen. But it was not originally on this site. It was removed to it when the big reservoir was built nearby and flooded its original leafier site. That church, although built well over 100 years before our King Ramiro, has all its architectural essentials in common with Ramiro's churches, except for one thing, the principal innovation of our particular group, and indeed an innovation of great European moment, even if done on such a small scale. These later Asturian churches are vaulted throughout.

You may not realise what an innovation that was, but you must remember that vaulting in stone is a technical problem and that the science of it in which the Romans had excelled was all but lost in these centuries. Aesthetically the difference between vaulted and not vaulted is enormous. You can see that in any comparison with the Anglo-Saxon churches which are all unvaulted. The Asturian vaults are what we call tunnel or barrel-vaults, and they occur low and high, small and less small, short and long, and they make you feel as if you were in some cave or sombre shrine: stone all around you, small windows only, and the weirdest decoration, little columns like twisted rope, capitals with barbaric foliage or even more barbaric figure work, pairs of beasts and pairs of birds facing each other, or even scenes with human figures. And the side rooms appear mysteriously through low little arcadings.

The principal buildings are Santa Cristina de Lena, San Salvador de Valdediós, San Julian de los Prados, San Miguel de Lillo, and Santa Maria de Naranco. Lena lies on a hill off

the main road from León to Oviedo where the scenery turns from the mountainous wild to the blackness of the steel mills. You can reach it only on foot, and there is only one service a year in it. Like all the others it has no tower, and its attraction is the various shapes and heights of the core and the attachments and, of course, the beauty of the warm-coloured stone. San Julian de los Prados is no longer in the Prados, that is the meadows—just as St. Germain des Prés in Paris is no longer in the Prés and St. Martin in the Fields no longer in the Fields. San Julian in fact lies rather bleakly in a suburb of Oviedo and once formed part of a suburban *villa* of the King. We know that King Ramiro built baths and a triclinium, that is a dining hall, as well, and the church, bigger than the others, seems in fact to have adjoined domestic buildings. One would give a good deal to know what

such a palace was like 1,100 years ago, and one can conjure it up to some extent—thanks to San Miguel de Lillo and Santa Maria de Naranco. Two miles outside Oviedo, the chronicles tell us, halfway up the refreshing coolness of Monte Naranco, which rises 3,000 feet above the town, Ramiro I built '*palatia et balnea pulchra adque decora*', palaces and baths, beautiful and splendid, and they were built '*cum pluribus centrīs fornicīs*', with various vaults, 'the likes of which do not exist anywhere in Spain'—that means in Saracen Spain, the Spain of the rich and highly civilised Saracen rulers, builders of the Mosque of Cordova.

San Miguel and Santa Maria lie some five minutes' walk from one another, halfway up the mountain. They are surrounded by trees, tall pines and acacias, and they belonged no doubt to the same precinct. But whereas San Miguel is a church, Santa Maria de Naranco is not, or at least was not originally. It was built as the royal hall, the triclinium, of this *villa* of King Ramiro's. Kings had their *aula regia*. You know the one in Beowulf, timber-built, and the plans at least are known of Charlemagne's great halls at Ingelheim and Aachen. They

were focal points in large symmetrical plans with atria and colonnades, and the hall at Aachen, of which walling still stands high, was over 160 feet long. Naranco is not like that. It is no more than 65 feet in length. But it is complete, and it is delicious, with many surprises. The hall itself lies on the upper floor and is accessible by an outer staircase. It is as sombre inside as the churches, oblong and tunnel-vaulted. But at both its ends the sun streams in; at one end in the morning, at the other in the evening. For here the walls open in three tall arches upon terraces or loggias, and in the middle of the side facing the entrance there was a third such loggia. The view over Oviedo is spectacular. And in the undercroft below the hall is a bath, just as the chronicles tell us, even if not one equipped with the luxury of contemporary oriental baths.

What other buildings belonged to the *villa*? And how was life lived in it by the King, by the court, by the meaner orders? We do not know, though we could perhaps risk reconstructing a little from Einhard's life of Charlemagne and Asser's life of Alfred the Great. But while that would remain hypothetical, the buildings are there in solid stone, well buttressed and well vaulted, intricate in plan and cunning in decoration; and that, I suggest, is enough and plenty to be thankful for.—*Third Programme*

Robert Graves' *Greek Myths*, originally published in two volumes in 1955, is now available in a one-volume edition (Cassell, 30s.).



Interior of the church of Santa Cristina de Lena, Asturias (c. A.D. 850)

Two Worlds at Once

The Priesthood of Unbelievers?

The second of four talks for Lent by GORDON RUPP

YOU cannot convert people by arguments'. Christians are always saying that. But I do not think we shall bring multitudes back to the Churches without somewhere along the line engaging them in a great argument. It is not only men and women who have become estranged from the Churches but a whole world of thought.

Some time ago I heard an amusing fantasy, 'Bach and the Heavenly Choir', the tale of an imaginary Pope who was devoted to music, above all to the music of Bach. So he conceived the plan of declaring Bach a saint, but when he consulted his cardinals he found they would have nothing to do with canonising a heretic, and when he turned to the Lutheran bishops in despair, they would not think of handing over their Protestant Bach to the Papists. Then the Pope fell ill, and in his delirium he is heard to ask whether the 'strangers' had come. Nobody knew what he meant until a company of strangers arrived in Rome, an orchestra of atheists. They were Freethinkers, but lovers of music too, and what the warring Christians could not see seemed plain to them; they had no doubt that Bach was among the heavenly choir.

Beginnings of a Secular Tradition

There is more in the story than gentle cynicism. When modern Europe emerged in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries a secular tradition came into being. It was a period when whole areas of human life became disentangled from religion, from theology. You will have noticed as you walked along any great art gallery, how in the medieval paintings the themes are those of the Christian faith, the Holy Family, the Cross, the saints and martyrs, but that as time goes on the background details become more and more intricate and important, until at last they take on a life of their own, and landscapes and buildings and houses and furniture, and ordinary men and women about their daily occasions become themselves the proper theme and subject for the artist.

Something like that happened with politics and law and philosophy and science. In fact the natural order found a life of its own, found its meaning within itself and not in some dogmatic system imposed from without. Vast ranges of knowledge were opened up in this transformation, an immense challenge to Christian thought. But they came at a time when Christians had little energy to spare from their conflict with one another; wars of words, bitter, angry words, lies invented, calumnies uncritically accepted, where the adventure of truth was hidden in the dust of angry controversy. A new clericalism, Catholic, Protestant, Puritan, begot its own brand of anti-clericalism in return: and far worse than the war of words were wars of sticks and stones and broken bones, cruel persecutions, dragonnades, wars of religion, a welter of Christian inhumanities that together represent perhaps the most important single factor in the making of European unbelief.

This failure of the Church to resolve what has been called 'the crisis of the European conscience' was not just an intellectual failure. There was a failure of nerve in face of this coherent tradition of truth, in letters, science, and philosophy. There was a failure of compassion in face of the new revolutionary idealisms of social justice. On the one side was a new secular thought-world, hostile, anti-clerical, un-Christian, while the Christian attitude was but suspicious and nervous, always going over to the defensive even when magnificently on the defensive.

And sometimes those who were not Christians proclaimed the adventure of truth, its dignity and its audacity, more manfully than those who were Christians. Fear of new knowledge and what it might do to cherished faith led nineteenth-century Christians to the attitude of the old ladies who are said to have prayed: 'Lord grant that this evolution be not true. But if it is, give us

grace to hush it up'. The pious man writing the life of Bishop Wilberforce did hush up the well-merited rebuke which the bishop received from Thomas Henry Huxley in their encounter about 'Evolution' at Oxford during the meetings of the British Association in 1860: and you feel that on that day the angels were on the side of the apes, or at least the Christian traditions of truth and of good manners were better represented by the scientist who coined the very word 'agnostic'. More recently, Lord Russell has declared that one reason why he is not a Christian is because in his own career intolerant Christian men denied him liberty of speech, the very thing perfectly expressed in John Milton's *Areopagitica*.

A Failure of Compassion

And when one comes to think about social justice, there has been a failure of compassion by Christians. It is a difficult temptation when Satan comes disguised as an angel of light. But it is hardest of all when we are called to recognise the angel disguised as Satan, when a call to compassion comes to us from the ranks of the avowed enemies of the faith. We must sympathise with those good, middle-class Victorian Christians who failed to intervene on behalf of the Chartists. The call of desperate and hungry men was obscured for them because the Radical programme was framed in atheistic, anti-clerical, anti-Christian terms. Similarly it is difficult for us today to understand why, despite all its evil and anti-Christian excesses, atheistic communism attracts millions of the under-privileged in distant places of the earth.

Yet the Christian message has in its heart the reconciliation of such estrangements. In the last century one theologian above all, Frederick Denison Maurice, combined churchmanship and world-manship. He was, says Canon Wickham, 'at once sensitive to the world of men and impatient of obtuseness within the Church. Both characteristics are present in every controversy in which he was concerned, whether in Biblical criticism, revelation, Christian socialism . . . on every point he touched, he "earthed" the Gospel, and related it to the entirety of mankind and to the secular world in which men live'. His was a churchmanship which turned towards the world, and the whole of that world's life, with reconciling sympathy in the light of the New Testament truths that all things in the universe find their unity in Christ for they were created in Him, and are comprehended within a redeeming purpose which touches all mankind. It is the stress of that astonishing line of Charles Wesley: 'Head of all Mankind art Thou'.

Here are clues towards the present task of Christian thinking. It is twofold; conversation with men and women outside the Church, and the understanding and interpretation of our own message. It is an important symptom of our time that a number of distinguished laymen seem to be rather better at expounding the faith than the professional theologians and the parsons. People like T. S. Eliot, C. S. Lewis, Basil Willey, Herbert Butterfield, Charles Coulson—they have done their Christian thinking within their own austere intellectual discipline as historians, scientists, philosophers, and men of letters, and seem to have a special cutting edge towards the modern mind.

The Theologian's Task

That is an important witness. But let us not forget that Christian theology is not to be left only to the distinguished amateur, that it is not after all something a man can master overnight, or keep abreast of in his spare-time reading. The theologians have their own technical, professional job to do. It is part of the problem that theology today is as exciting as ever it was, but that the things which the theologians want to talk about are often those

which take them further and further away from the categories in which modern men and women think. I have sometimes thought that a new Max Beerbohm might draw a cartoon of the theologians capering, excitedly brandishing their scrolls, beside broken vessels by empty caves along the shores of a Dead Sea, while the scientists explode the universe in another part of the desert. What we need just now is not perhaps more laymen to become amateur theologians, or more theologians who can become scientists and historians, but a much more intensive conversation between Christians and between them and the philosophers, historians, and scientists who are not Christians at all.

That would be a theme more worthy of a Brains Trust than the fashionable intellectual ping-pong that goes under that name. We need something like the relationship in science between the back-room boys who make the discoveries, and the boffins, the technical experts who understand and interpret them. We need a whole range of Christian middlemen between the theologians, the preachers, the working parsons, and the laymen. For there is a responsibility at many levels today for Christians to give an answer for the hope that is in them, and to give it in a Christian

way. For the Christians are the only people who can lose the argument not only by what they say but also by the way they say it. I think we are learning not to let our compassion be blinded or deafened by ideology: some of the best Christians I know, Quakers like Guy Clutton Brock, Anglicans like Martin Jarret-Kerr, Methodists like Merfyn Temple, have gone to Africa and are finding there that a missionary vocation involves standing shoulder to shoulder with some very queer people, ideologically speaking—atheists and communists.

There is, strictly speaking, no priesthood of unbelievers, but there is a High Priest whose offering touches all mankind. And it is on Good Friday that the Church prays for the alien, hostile elements within and without the Christian world. That old prayer for Jews, Turks, heretics is really startlingly modern and relevant to our theme. They are unbelievers at our gates. And Frederick Denison Maurice says of them, 'We shall not suppose that we can convert Jews or Turks or infidels or heretics by our subtle arguments or wonderful exposure of their ignorance . . . but if we believe that Christ died and rose again for them and for us we may believe that He knows the passage to their hearts'.

—Home Service

Advantages of Anglo-American Marriage

By MARYA MANNES

IF it is true that there is an instinct in human beings that draws them to what they need—a parallel to the cow licking salt and the cat eating grass—then I could give this as an answer to the question, never asked but always implicit: 'Why did you marry an Englishman?' Or I could turn it away with certain frivolities which happen to be true: I like the way they talk and I like the way they dress.

But the real answer lies in mutual needs which could, I think, be translated into wider terms than our personal one. For what I, as an American woman, needed was discipline; and what he, as an Englishman, needed was expansion. And if ten years of this kind of interaction has proved healthy, sustaining unity through all the provocations and abrasions of the present, it occurred to me that I could use it to put some of our larger troubles in focus and then, as they do in films, dissolve them. For I see both you and us now through two separate pairs of eyes, my husband's and my own; and although this has sometimes doubled the distress, it has more often composed the picture into one whole instead of fragmenting it.

I have come to learn, for instance, that if there is one fault in us that angers you above all others, it is lack of discipline. We are, on the whole, a violent and sloppy people. Our violence derives from vitality uncontrolled, and our sloppiness from kindness promiscuously applied. We are a race of tailwaggers, barking loudly. And all we need, really, are some of your disciplines to make us into a splendid breed of dog.

Perhaps this is an unfortunate metaphor to introduce a more personal note. Like most Americans of slightly mongrel heritage—by that I mean mixed European rather than *Mayflower* stock, and far more recently emigrated—I am emotional, eager, and sometimes explosive. A decade of exposure to an Englishman has channelled the emotion, muted the eagerness, and kept me tied to my launching pad till the count-down is ready. I have, in a sense, become housebroken without being spirit-broken; and that is due, I think, to that indomitable quality that resides in all the English which I would describe as the 'nanny instinct'. You have it in your government as well as in your homes, and England is never happier than when she is telling other peoples to pull their socks up and stop flapping. Where we moralise, you scold. And there is in all your deliberations the air of an august nursery.

It seems that Englishmen will simply not endure the sort of assaults that an American husband dumbly accepts. And trained as I now am, I listen appalled while some countrywoman of mine attacks her husband loudly in public and gets nothing in return but a sheepish smile and a sidewise reach for a drink. I am not

saying that this is common among the most civilised of us. But the unbridled verbal aggression of the female is certainly common to the country at large, and may serve to explain why so many American men enjoy conventions, trips, and secret masonic orders. They are all escapes from relentless and exigent female chatter.

I must sorrowfully add here that the American woman's addiction to club life only serves to increase this verbal aggressiveness, for it promotes a solidarity among the sex that is hardly feminine. The late Helen Hokinson's club ladies may look funny on paper but they are formidable in the flesh, which is as firmly buttressed as their faces are cast in identical mould. I doubt whether anything in the American scene has given my husband a greater traumatic shock than the sight of the Daughters of the American Revolution convening in Washington, and I herewith take the liberty of quoting a brief verse on this phenomenon:

Ribbons a-flutter and orchids a-tremble,
Yearly the vigilant daughters assemble,
Affirming with fervid and firm resolutions
Their permanent veto on all revolutions.

Well, we are loud, we are aggressive, we are often over-dressed, and we are inclined—unless we marry Englishmen—to dominate our men. But there is another side of this coin which my husband has learned to admire and, if at first reluctantly, to enjoy. For when this same vitality and ebullience and sense of freedom are channelled, they produce the sort of women who are companions, and not accessories, to men. And if my husband has become un-English in preferring the company of such women to club life and the exclusive company of men, it is because of this spirited multiplicity.

A creature of my imagination, a foreign diplomat speaking to an American man, puts it this way: 'Our women', he says (meaning European women), 'can be only one thing at a time. If they are beauties, they spend their lives being beauties. If they are housewives, that is all they do. If they are intellectuals, they are ugly. If they are rich, they are lazy. If they are poor, they are sad. If they are seductive, they are not anything else. If they aren't seductive, they are social workers. But, ah, my friend, one American woman can be everything! I see what a really free society can do for a woman!'

He was exaggerating, of course. We are not as good as all that. But there is something in it. And I have wondered for a long time why the Englishwoman's acceptance of a limited status both saddened and irritated me. I propose now to over-simplify the answer. In America it is the man who pays for this brilliant

ascendancy of women with his own male stature, a diminished and weakened one. And in England it is the woman who pays—with the abdication of her own full and free personality—for the masculine dignity of the British male. I exempt artists and intellectuals from this rather sweeping statement: one of the great advantages of a primarily creative and professional society is that its men and women are separate but equal entities. Possibly this equation holds for the younger generation in England. But certainly in conventional middle- or upper-class circles I am constantly surprised—and secretly indignant—at what I consider the submergence and submissiveness of so many wives to their husbands, whether it is in the expression of opinion or an expression of taste.

It goes far beyond the compromise essential to marriage. Do I exaggerate? Of course. Am I saying that the dominant woman makes for a better marriage than the dominant man? No. Then what am I saying? Merely this: that it is a good thing for Americans and British to marry each other.

Looking for Leadership

If I am permitted—and how can you stop me?—I would like to quote my imaginary foreigner again. 'It seems to me', he says, 'that there is a strong analogy in the relation of the American public to their government and the American woman to her man. I believe that both your public and your women want leadership and that your government and your men are afraid to give it'.

I would echo him. Our men are finding it extremely difficult to lead, and your men are finding it extremely distasteful not to lead. You used to glory in domination; we—as a people—do not know how to dominate. Your education towards equality is just as painful as ours towards superiority. And since this is so, our only salvation lies in a constant regrouping and re-forming, so that no one is on top and no one is on the bottom. The neutral zone between rigidity and softness is where true marriage lives.

It is also where an Englishman must live if he is to understand Americans. For his most admirable qualities are self-control, reticence, and discretion. And when he is faced with a people notably deficient in these disciplines he will either take the next aeroplane back to England, cursing all Americans, or he will bother to find out what they possess instead that he might lack. For, admirable as they are, the English disciplines can sometimes lead to a rigidity of posture, an emotional *rigor mortis*, which is more colloquially referred to as stuffiness. And if there is one single service which Americans perform for the British, it is to make stuffiness untenable. If at times our flagrant curiosity and immediate intimacy seem affronts to British privacy, an Englishman exposed to them over a period discovers that they stem from a great human virtue: interest. We are deeply, genuinely interested in other people, and there is a humility and warmth and kindness in this which the perceptive foreigner learns to accept and eventually welcome.

Discretion and Dull Talk

In England I miss this irrepressible interest of my countrymen. It is true that international brotherhood of writers and artists and actors and poets share it, for their business is to communicate. But I am still convinced that the average Englishman is simply not interested in other people, and even less interested in women as human beings. Whenever I am at a conventional social gathering in England, I feel that the men speak to me out of politeness far more than out of interest. What is more, the slightest indication of interest in *them* alarms them profoundly. Reticence, discretion, and self-control are, I repeat, magnificent qualities; but they make for dull talk. I am not a great admirer of Mr. John Osborne, but I am grateful to him for making his heroes passionate and articulate, if contemptible. For an American, silence is for solitude and talk for people. What a lot you miss by not speaking to strangers!

Even life in America has not made my husband capable of this act, except towards taxi-drivers, and they, of course, have a captive audience. He still feels—and I do agree with him—that we talk too much, and if there were not evidence enough in daily life with a highly vocal woman, the newspapers would supply it in every issue. We run off at the mouth at the slightest provocation, and it is a national tragedy that the minute some ignorant

Congressman or bigoted Senator makes a mischievous (and quite unsolicited) statement, the world must hear of it. I do not think we have more stupid people *per capita* than any other nation, but they cannot keep their mouths shut.

If I am distressed at what we say, I am equally distressed at what you print. We have in our country some despicable journals, dedicated to the baser instincts of the human race. But I am afraid—and my husband is on the reluctant verge of conceding it—that your popular press is even lower than ours. Into this uneasy union of our countries—this transatlantic marriage of mutual need—your gutter press is driving a sharp wedge. Through it, you see only our sins and stupidities, our blunders and bombast. Millions have come to know nothing of us but rock-'n'-roll, delinquency, and a weakness in government which is tragically apparent now to the majority of Americans. We are a broad, fine target, to be sure. But then, so am I, to my husband. And if he does not choose to shoot at the target, vulnerable as it is, it is because his own is equally exposed to my aim. We understand each other's faults because we have learned their origin.

I have sometimes wondered, however, whether acquaintance with English virtues has not made me more critical of our American faults than I would be otherwise. Would I be so repelled by our lack of manners if I had not known British courtesy? Would I so keenly resent the ugliness of billboards and neon lights if I had not known the purity and peace of the English countryside? Would I be so impatient of the garrulity and imprecision and popular piety of so many of our statesmen if I had not heard and read debates in parliament and been made aware of how language should be used? I think I would, although perhaps in lesser degree.

Conversely, I think my husband has become more critical of certain English faults during the years. He has become aware of a certain slowness, a lack of drive and incentive that enervates the English atmosphere. He feels, as I do, that you have adopted many of our worst ways and few of our best; taken over a number of our technological achievements in mass production but little of the visual taste that accompanies ours to a high degree. And balanced against the enormous outward grace of English life, and its sense of completed civilisation, are a series of small frustrations and obstructions which in the end might easily match our bigger, more blatant ones. I think it can be truly said that when we are in one country we miss the other. It can be said with equal truth that we have the best of both worlds.—*Third Programme*

Nonchalant the Hunt

Nonchalant the Hunt rides by,
Plumed with breath on the stinging air
Of morning. These are the ones who wear
Authority with ease. Lightly
They take their fences. They are gay
In the face of danger: none can say
They shrink at the sight of blood. Whips
Crack in their voices, their eyes smile
Mastery on the admiring crowd.
Even the hounds, with drooling lips
And feathering sterns, seem somehow proud
To bear them company awhile.

. . . . Here it would be easy enough
(And has been done before) to rough
The sketch in with a glimpse of Reynard,
One against all, doomed from the start,
And no man's enemy at heart.
That way pity rides for a fall.
If pity have a place at all
In the picture, spend oh spend it on
The ineluctable and wayward
Stain in each and every one,
The bleeding, whether we would or no,
That claimed us for the Hunt where still
We wear the pink and ever follow
The sad horn blowing to a kill.

C. HENRY WARREN

The Ethics of Defence

T. B. SMITH on the position in Scots Law

IN 1910 when Sir Winston Churchill was Home Secretary he said: 'The mood and temper of the public with regard to the treatment of crime and criminals is one of the most unfailing tests of the civilisation of any country. A calm, dispassionate recognition of the rights of the accused, and even of convicted criminals against the state'. One of the basic rights of an accused person in any civilised country is that of being defended by counsel at a fair and impartial trial.

There may be some who would say: 'These lawyers will argue black is white for money, and by their tricks get dangerous criminals off from their just deserts. How immoral of a lawyer to defend one who is obviously guilty!' In the first place, money does not enter much into the picture. Generally speaking, crime does not pay—either from the wrongdoer's angle or from that of the man who defends him. Next, what do we mean by 'obviously guilty' in popular opinion? Until a suspect has actually been tried, one is extremely rarely in the position to know whether he is guilty or not, and, if guilty, what is the degree of guilt.

Suppose he is in fact proved to have killed another man—he is not necessarily guilty of murder, or (if guilty of murder) his crime may not, when investigated at trial, fall into one of the special legal categories which now alone are capital. A man who acted in self-defence or is certifiably insane is, of course, not morally responsible for the death, and therefore is not 'guilty' in law either. Again, if it is proved that the accused killed in the heat of strong provocation, or when his responsibility was diminished by disturbance of the mind short of insanity, the crime is not murder but culpable homicide.

Spokesman for the Accused

At all events, you will appreciate that when the prosecution have clear evidence of the accused's connection with the death of another, say, there are many questions of fact and law which must be gone into at the trial. We think that the accused should be able to have these matters presented by an expert who, subject to his duty to the court, can act in the fullest sense as spokesman for the accused. So far as defending counsel is concerned, his own personal opinion of the guilt or innocence of his client is irrelevant. He is an advocate—not judge or jury.

What the public usually mean when they talk of a suspect being 'obviously guilty' is that, even before the evidence is heard, people have made up their minds that the accused must be guilty. When tragic and terrifying events have taken place in a neighbourhood it is natural enough that the community should be disturbed and should look to the public authorities to do all in their power to trace and deal with those who caused the alarm, bereavement, fear, and distress. An efficient police force and prosecuting authority will usually bring to trial the right man—but the evidence they rely on may, when tested, be proved to be unreliable, *e.g.*, a mistaken identification, and from it they may have drawn the wrong inference.

Rumour is often a lying jade; and there is the world of difference between suspicion and evidence. The story of Susanna and the Elders is probably well known to you. The gist of the story is that two apparently very respectable old men were so excited by the beauty of the virtuous Susanna that they pressed her to yield to their advances. When she repelled them, they accused her falsely of adultery with another; and she would have been sentenced to a horrible death if the charge had been proved. Fortunately, the two old men were questioned separately (cross-examined for the defence, we might say), and their concocted falsehood was detected, as they told conflicting stories about the place where they had allegedly seen the accused in the embraces of a paramour. One point worth noting is that the apparent respectability of witnesses (be they elders, police officers, or pillars of the W.R.I.) is no absolute guarantee of their veracity; though

(as an elder myself) I think Lord Young was going rather far when he observed, on being told that a witness was an elder, 'He may be an honest man for all that'.

This old story of Susanna lies at the root of the Scottish rule that the prosecution's case must be corroborated—that is, there must be at least two credible witnesses to each link of evidence against an accused (which, of course, may be circumstantial as well as direct). Even if the jury believe a single witness, or even if they have read to them only the alleged confession made by the accused to the police, they are not in law entitled to convict.

No Pre-trial Publicity

I said just now that there is the world of difference between suspicion and evidence. Now, in Scotland, we have the admirable rule—enforced by rigorous sanctions—that once a person has been arrested and charged with crime there must be absolutely no press comment on or publicity (for or against the accused) given to the case until the actual trial—except the bare mention that a named individual has been arrested and charged with a particular crime and later committed for trial. The converse, of course, is true of English and American practice. English law forbids comment on a case pending trial, but they have a public pre-trial hearing at which usually only the evidence for the prosecution is heard. If the case is sensational enough, this prosecution evidence, including evidence which may be excluded at the actual trial or be thoroughly discredited as it was in the Dr. Adams' case, is published abroad for all to read. Among those who read this one-sided story are men and women who later may be called on to serve at the trial on the jury. This explains why you read in the newspapers of suspects being mobbed—by hysterical women for the most part—long before the question of guilt is ripe for determination.

If pre-trial prejudice is to be avoided, the surest way is to forbid pre-trial publicity. In the United States the position is much worse than in England. In such an atmosphere of mass publicity, it is surprising that people should think a suspect to be 'obviously guilty' before the matter has come to trial at all; or indeed to confuse the public pre-trial proceedings with the actual trial? Those who 'know' a crime has been committed by the accused should be on the Crown list as witnesses. The rest of us must wait until the evidence for and against has been weighed impartially at trial in open court.

The advocate, like the public at large, cannot as a rule know whether or not his client is guilty; and, as I have already said, his personal opinion or suspicion does not enter into the duty he has to perform.

The Case of Madeleine Smith

Just a century ago—in 1857—Madeleine Smith was charged with the murder by poison of her lover, L'Angelier. Her defence was conducted by the Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, John Inglis. His closing address to the jury must rank among the outstanding masterpieces of forensic art of all time; and the jury by a majority acquitted her—a verdict which the presiding judge expressly approved.

There is no doubt that there were strong grounds for suspicion against Madeleine Smith. Twenty-one-year-old daughter of a respected Glasgow architect, mistress of a warehouse clerk of dubious antecedents from the Channel Islands—we can be sure that tongues clacked over many a Glasgow tea-table before the trial. Yet when the testimony had been winnowed and sifted, suspicion alone remained, not evidence of guilt. It was clear that L'Angelier had died of poison, but not of poison administered by himself; also that (though no one else was suspected of the deed) sufficient evidence had not been obtained to infer that the accused

(Madeleine Smith) had had opportunity to administer the poison at the material time. The prosecution incidentally suggested that Madeleine's guilt could be inferred from her fleeing from justice after L'Angelier's death. She did flee, the Dean of Faculty admitted (but only as far as Helensburgh), not from the arm of the law seeking a murderess but from the wrath of her father and the averted countenance of her mother when her association with her lover was bound to be laid bare by discovery of her letters to him. Remember that most men and women carry burdens of which their consciences are afraid, and they will lie and evade to prevent their disclosure; but they may be innocent of the actual criminal charge levelled against them.

Yet in his magnificent closing speech the Dean of Faculty said one thing which was rightly criticised by the Lord Justice-Clerk, the judge who presided. In his charge to the jury the judge said: 'It is necessary that you should remember that the case is to be tried and decided *solely on the evidence*. You are not to give the slightest weight to the personal opinion of the guilt of the prisoner, which I regret my learned friend, the Lord Advocate, allowed himself to express. Nor are you, on the other hand, to be weighed in the prisoner's favour by the more moving and earnest declaration made by her Counsel of his own conviction of her innocence'.

The advocate's personal opinion should not invade the province of the advocate. Lord Macmillan has observed: 'Once then the vital point is realised that the advocate in Court is engaged not in expressing his own views of the case, but in presenting and marshalling all that can be said in favour of his client's view of it, all room for the charge of insincerity against the advocate disappears'.

So far I have been speaking of cases where the advocate is defending a person who has not actually admitted his guilt before

trial. Let me deal briefly with the rare case where the accused does tell counsel that he committed the crime alleged against him, but intends to plead 'Not Guilty'. This is a delicate situation. If the revelation is made before trial, then, as counsel would be seriously handicapped in his task by his duty to the court and his opponent, he would be justified in refusing to appear and suggesting that someone else should act for the accused. On the other hand, if, as has happened—most notably in the murder trial of Courvoisier in 1840—the accused confesses to counsel after trial has begun, it would be too late for the latter to withdraw. The advocate owes a duty to the court and to the ethics of his profession, and while he would not be entitled to call the accused in evidence to tell a perjured story, nor to suggest that another suspect committed the crime, nor seek to establish an alibi, he would be entitled in an appropriate case to lead evidence that the accused was not fully responsible mentally, or had been provoked, or that the crime committed was less serious than that charged—e.g., culpable homicide, not murder. The burden of proof rests on the prosecution, and if the evidence led for the Crown infers only suspicion and not proof of guilt, the defence is entitled to urge acquittal.

We lawyers hold then that every accused, however strong the suspicion against him, is to be presumed innocent until his guilt is proved by legally admissible and sufficient evidence led at his trial; and that every accused is entitled as our old statute of 1587 says 'to his Advocates and Procuratours'. Conviction on suspicion is lynch law.

As a boy I was often taken by my father or uncle to the Justiciary Court in Glasgow to see and hear these principles in action in circumstances of solemnity, tension, dignity, and restraint. These impressions determined my career. They have been confirmed and strengthened by experience and by time.

—Scottish Home Service

Smith of the Zambezi

By JOHN SEYMOUR

EVERYONE must have had the idea at some time that he would like to 'escape', but I have never met anyone who managed to escape as completely as Mr. Smith. For a time at least: for a time.

Mr. Smith had been a carpenter—up Bradford way. And he was married to Mrs. Smith. He got tired of Bradford—this was in the days before they had planted the geranium gardens in the street-roundabouts of that city. Whether he had got tired of Mrs. Smith or not I do not know for certain, but I can imagine. But, anyway, he left her, and got a job as timberman with one of the big copper-mining companies of Northern Rhodesia. They paid his fare out there, he worked for three years and saved a good deal of money, and then his contract with them ended. But he did not sign on again, and he did not go back to Bradford. He went up the Zambezi river to Barotseland and invested his savings in what was known in that country as a 'kaffir store'—a shop in which to buy and sell with the Africans.

Below the Victoria Falls the Zambezi is a rapid and dangerous river, an engorged torrent. Above the falls, though, the river is broad and placid, for 500 or 600 miles right up to its source. For most of this distance the river flows through the kingdom of Barotseland—a protectorate ruled by the British through a paramount chief who has the title of king. To get to Barotseland, in the days before the war of which I am speaking, you either had to walk, or go in an aeroplane, or else travel up the Zambezi in a canoe or a barge. There were no roads: the level forest country was too sandy for them to be made without great expense and there were too many rivers and swamps. There were no horses because of horse-sickness and nagana, the disease carried by tsetse flies.

I had to go up to a place called Lesheke once, to do some work for the Government—inoculating cattle. I went from a place a few miles upstream from Livingstone, in a barge. These barges

are peculiar to the Zambezi. They are punt-like craft, flat-bottomed, chine-built, swim-headed and sterned. They carry four or five tons amidships, and are propelled by eighteen paddlers—eight of the paddlers standing in the slightly raised bow, and ten of them in the similar stern. Barotseland paddlers stand up to paddle and have long paddles which they use as punt-poles whenever they can.

The great river was in flood at the time—in places it was twenty miles wide—spreading over the Barotse plain. The people all migrate at that time, driving their herds of cattle up on to the slightly higher forest country where the water does not come. All day, sometimes, my paddlers shoved our blunt-nosed vessel across shallow water from which grew long grass. We left an open lane astern, but ahead and all round one could not see the water—just grass. It was a strange experience.

The paddlers sang all the time; very well, too. I might have been in one of those African films. The paddlers were a happy lot. We travelled for so many hours a day, then came to some village along the bank, where we would land, my tent would be pitched, and the paddlers, who were well-paid compared with most of the people up there, would buy beer, or I would buy it for them, and help them drink it, and there would be a dance, and with luck a fight, and the paddlers—being young and strong and not bowed down by cares marital or financial—would do well with the girls.

Sitting in the barge during the day soon proved boring, and I took to staying ashore in the morning and arranging to meet the barge further up the river in the afternoon. I would walk through the forest, generally with Makona, who was my major-domo and friend, passing through miles of beautiful forest country, occasionally getting glimpses of the mighty river, wading through swampy valleys, coming to charming villages where we were

(continued on page 502)

NEWS DIARY

March 12-18

Wednesday, March 12

Western Foreign Ministers have an informal discussion in Manila about prospects for 'summit' talks

Figures for February show that Britain's 'trade gap' was nearly the smallest since the war

The Government is defeated in the Commons during debate on Maintenance Orders Bill

Thursday, March 13

Industrial Court recommends increase of 8s. 6d. a week for drivers and conductors on London buses and trolley buses but not for country bus workers

Meeting of French National Assembly is suspended after demonstrations by Paris policemen for more pay

Indonesian Prime Minister states that his troops are now in control of the American oil-field area in central Sumatra

Friday, March 14

French Minister of the Interior offers his resignation and Chief of Paris Police resigns following the police demonstrations outside the National Assembly

Commons debate Sunday observance laws
Sadler's Wells Opera is to remain a separate company and not join up with the Carl Rosa Company

Saturday, March 15

U.S. State Department criticises Russia's refusal to link 'summit' talks with disarmament negotiations through United Nations

Soviet Government again emphasises control of outer space must be linked with the abolition of foreign military bases

Foreign Secretary returns to London from Seato meeting in Manila

Sunday, March 16

President Tito accuses Western Powers of trying to sabotage the 'summit' meeting

Dr. Fuchs and Sir Edmund Hillary arrive in New Zealand

Irishmen in London demonstrate outside church where Mr. De Valera attends Mass

Monday, March 17

Small test satellite is launched by U.S. Navy
Mr. Bulganin sends new letter to Prime Minister about 'summit' talks

Representatives of London busmen see London Transport executive

Tuesday, March 18

Prime Minister answers questions in Commons about nuclear weapons

Prime Minister of Malta sees Colonial Secretary in London

French Prime Minister receives vote of confidence on proposals for constitutional reform



Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother at the reception held at Guildhall on March 17 to welcome her home from her tour round the world. On Her Majesty's left is the Lord Mayor, Sir Denis Truscott, and Princess Margaret; on her right, Lady Truscott

Right: the Duke of Edinburgh in the cockpit of a camouflaged Centurion tank taking part in manoeuvres on Luneberg Heath, Germany, last week. The Duke was visiting the 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars



Dr. Adenauer, the Federal German Chancellor (left), leaving St. Andrew's Church, Cologne, on March 10 after receiving a Knighthood from the ancient Roman Catholic Order of German Knights. With him is Herr Julius Raab, the Austrian Chancellor

Right: an incident during the Calcutta Cup rugby match between England and Scotland at Murrayfield last Saturday. The result was a draw, three points all





leader of the Com-
antarctic Expedition,
Hillary (left), with
quay side at Wel-
nd, on March 16,
in the expedition
from Scott Base



A crystal chandelier made in a German factory for
a music-hall in Chicago, U.S.A. It is over sixteen
feet high and is lit by 5,450 bulbs



A proclamation announcing the birth of a son on March 14 to Prince Rainier and
Princess Grace of Monaco being carried out to be affixed to the walls of the royal
palace. The infant prince (who is to be christened Albert Alexandre Louis Pierre) takes
precedence over his sister, fourteen-months-old Princess Caroline, as heir to the throne
of the principality



Snow-covered gondolas tied up on the Grand Canal, Venice, last week, when severe
weather returned to most of Europe

Left: a stork which returns from the south every year to the same nesting site on a
tall chimney in Frankfurt, Germany, photographed last week as it started to rebuild
its nest, undeterred by the snow

(continued from page 499)

given paw-paws and milk, and we would sit there in the shade talking to the villagers.

In the evening I would shoot a buck or two, to feed the paddlers and the villagers who were our hosts for the night. The country was full of game, from buffalo and cow-like eland to little oribi and steenbuck. In the cool of the evening sometimes I would go spinning for the bright and beautiful tiger-fish—I would rather fish for tiger-fish than any other fresh-water fish—or I would go for a stroll with my shotgun up some flooded, duck-crowded valley. The days were hot and the nights were cool. It was the original and final Life of Riley. If it had not been for the war I should probably still be living it.

A Warning

Eventually we came to Lesheke. The first evening there I had to pay my duty visit to the District Commissioner. It was terribly boring. I had to sip whisky in a dispirited sort of way, eat a very bad dinner, play, of all things, darts. All the time I could hear the drums beating in the village, and imagine my roaring boys having a good time. When the District Commissioner's dreary little wife went out of the room the D.C. warned me against Mr. Smith, the store-keeper.

'He's all right, you know', he said. 'Not that I see him much. But he's not a chap one wants to have much to do with. He's practically gone native, you know. Women and all that. Pretty bad show, actually. Coffee-coloured daughter—rather beautiful, actually. They can be beautiful—but this one's exceptional. Rather terrible, isn't it?'

I said that I could never see anything very terrible about a beautiful girl of whatever colour, but then realised that I had said the wrong thing.

Next morning I went to wait on Mr. Smith. His shop was typical of its kind. It was a long, single-storeyed building with a thatched roof, all roughly built of local materials. In front was a long veranda on which sat four tailors working treadle machines. They were making up ladies' dresses from their own materials. By the door lay a number of small two-ox ploughs, and on the wall lion and leopard traps were hung up like bunches of onions. A number of people—the men drab in khaki shorts and sometimes khaki shirts, the women colourful, the children naked—sat about everywhere chattering. There were a couple of young men wearing football jerseys, big boots, and tin-mine helmets: miners back from the Copperbelt with money to spend.

Shopping at the Kaffir Store

Inside the store were many more people, all looking at the wares that were for sale, handling everything, only buying after hours of scrutiny and discussion. If a woman bought ten articles she would pay for each one separately, getting her change back after each payment and counting it and then paying for the next. If she bought sugar or coffee beans or things like that she would screw them up in a corner of her dress. If she bought practically anything else she would eventually walk away with it on her head—possibly travelling twenty miles through the bush to her village. People wonder how news travels so quickly in Africa. It is not drums—it is women. They are always on the move, walk-

ing far and fast; there is a constant coming and going, and if they have anything to tell they tell it.

A counter ran round three sides of this store, with half a dozen male assistants behind it, and everything was full of colour—festoons of brilliant cotton prints hung even from the ceiling. The colours and patterns were gorgeous to a degree, but never in bad taste. It is impossible to sell an African woman anything whose colour scheme is not impeccable.

There was a great deal of laughing and talking—unusual light-heartedness in a store owned by a white man. I asked to see the Baas—and was told that he was still in bed, but would I go to his bungalow because he was expecting me. I walked—the focus of a hundred eyes—across the hot, bare sand to Smith's living bungalow. I shouted.

A great Yorkshire voice said: 'Coom in!'

I went into the living-room, and through an open door I heard what sounded like a very loud slap, a squeal, a peal of silvery giggles—and then a noise like several people tumbling out of a further door. A second later I saw three handsome black faces peering at me through the window, giggling.

'Coom in!' shouted the Yorkshire voice.

I entered the bedroom. He was sitting up in the largest bed I have ever seen in my life, wearing purple pyjamas, and between pink sheets. I liked him immediately. I sat down and he roared for coffee.

He was a roaring extrovert, completely generous, completely contented and pleased with himself. A happier man I think I never saw. We drank coffee, he got up unabashed, we sat down to a breakfast of mutton chops and three eggs each. I spent the day with him, and in fact moved in to a spare room in his bungalow.

King of the District

District Commissioners are supposed to be the kings of their districts, but Mr. Smith was unquestionably the king of that district. The pale little D.C. was simply the tax-collector. Smith's house was always thronging with people. There were many women—most of them good-looking and inclined to be fat. He liked them fat—fat and jolly. There was always the sound of laughter about that house. He was like Old King Cole. He shouted and laughed, and called for things to be brought to him; cursed and stormed at people and then roared with laughter. There was constant uproar. People—often indunas or headmen—came for audience with him. They would squat down on the mat and clap their hands in greeting, and then would follow a long conversation in the Lozi language. I could understand just enough to realise that it was mostly intrigue: intrigue and scandal. Mr. Smith had his finger in every pie for miles around. He knew everybody. He knew everybody's weakness. He knew the politics of every village in the country. People came to him with their legal disputes, rather than go to the D.C. and wait weeks for a decision, which would only be a silly legalistic one anyway. He even settled murder cases.

He told me that the body of a murdered man had been found in the Zambezi. People came to him and asked his advice. He asked who had done it, and the murderer came forward. Smith asked him why he had done it, and the murderer said that the murdered man had been a bad man

and was better dead anyway. Smith asked several other people whose word he trusted and they agreed with the murderer. 'Case dismissed!', said Smith. The body was put back in the Zambezi for the crocodiles and that was an end of it.

As for Smith's daughter—she was beyond description beautiful. He saw I could not take my eyes off her and finally asked me if I would like to marry her. He said I could take over his business when he retired, and live for the rest of my life there like a king. It is funny how one always ends by taking the hard and uncomfortable way. I think back now at that little settlement beside the gorgeous river with the tiger fish in it, and the mighty forest behind full of wild things and happy people, and I think of that beautiful and lively girl.

I finished my job, said goodbye to Smith—and his daughter—and started off on my voyage down the river again. At Senanga, as we were coming in to camp, we saw another barge moored beside our camping ground. We landed a little way away, and I wandered over to see who it was and pay my respects.

'Unfathomable Ugliness'

There was the usual tent, and the usual rhoorki chair and little table in front of it. And in the chair sat a white woman: a thin white woman, with an enormous sun helmet on and a great sheet of red flannel hanging from it down her back to protect her spine from the sun's rays; a missionary, I thought, of one of the wilder of the Protestant sects. A semi-circle of local people squatted on the ground, as near to her as they dared get, gazing at her. They were spellbound, I saw, by the unfathomable ugliness. I never saw an uglier or more ill-natured-looking woman. She wore round spectacles that made her look like an owl, and her thin lips were generally clamped together in a closed gash of disapproval.

She did have just enough warm-heartedness to ask me to sit down and have some tea with her. She talked with a strong Yorkshire accent. And she told me who she was. She was Mrs. Smith. She had not seen her husband for twelve years, though he had always sent her some money every month. But he had never let her know his address. However, she had discovered it somehow, and was coming out, unannounced, to join him—for good.

'It'll be a real surprise for him', she said to me. 'I wonder what he'll say. It's quite a romance, isn't it?'

Early next morning our barges went their several ways, to get the day's journey over before the worst heat of the day.

I suppose it was a bit of a romance, when you come to think of it.—*Home Service*

With the publication of his *Brothers Karamazov* (Penguin, 2 vols. 12s.) Mr. Magarshack completes his translation of Dostoevsky's four major novels and puts into the hands of English readers a workmanlike version of Dostoevsky's most celebrated production. The publication of Constance Garnett's version of the novel in 1912 was a landmark in the assimilation of Russian culture in England, heralding a decade in which the English vogue for Russian literature soared to a high level of hysteria. With all its faults this translation has maintained itself in public esteem for forty-six years. Mr. Magarshack's version is unlikely to cause a similar furore, but there seems no good reason why, in its turn, it should be superseded before the year 2004.

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'Murder in the Cathedral' as an Opera

By ARTHUR JACOBS

THE murder of Thomas à Becket in Canterbury Cathedral is not part of popular history in Italy as it is in Britain; and yet in one way the Italians are nearer to the subject than we are. On the very day that they read about the *première* of Pizzetti's new opera, 'Murder in the Cathedral', the Italians also read with great excitement about the verdict of 'guilty' passed by a secular court on the Bishop of Prato. The Bishop, as you will recall, was accused of slandering two people who had preferred civil to religious marriage. I am not suggesting any personal parallel between the Bishop of Prato in the twentieth century and the Archbishop of Canterbury in 1170, but I do suggest that the conflicts of Church, State, and conscience were no remote matters to the audience at the Scala, Milan.

T. S. Eliot's play is itself known in Italy from stage and radio performance, and in book form also. Ildebrando Pizzetti—who is now seventy-seven, and has written eleven previous operas—has not worked with a conventional libretto based more or less roughly on the play; he has chosen to set to music the words of the play itself. Pizzetti worked on the Italian prose translation of the play and himself turned into verse the lines he wanted to set. Which lines to set? Obviously, the entire text of Mr. Eliot's play could not be set to music within ordinary operatic time-limits, for the pace of opera is necessarily slower than that of spoken drama. The composer has not, however, removed any actual incident or encounter in the play; he has merely shortened the dialogue. He has discarded, among other things, some of Mr. Eliot's deliberately strange and arresting images.

Take, for instance, a speech given to the four tempters who appear to Becket. All things are unreal or disappointing, they say, and then they give examples:

The catherine wheel, the pantomime cat,
The prizes given at the children's party,
The prize awarded for the English essay.

When we hear that kind of thing in a play, we know we are listening to the twentieth-century playwright, not to his twelfth-century characters; and it was no doubt prudent on Pizzetti's part not to attempt in music the special kind of dramatic irony—or should we call it historical irony?—that these images imply. But there is one place where a kind of irony is absolutely vital to 'Murder in the Cathedral'; I mean where the knights, having killed Becket with almost ritual gestures and with apparently high purpose, suddenly address the audience in terms

of what I might perhaps call dazzling banality—this kind of thing:

When you come to the point, it does go against the grain to kill an archbishop, especially when you have been brought up in good Church traditions. So if we seemed a bit rowdy, you will

Progress', although this, too, is written on a religious subject and with the use of symbolic characters, but of the one-act opera 'Riders to the Sea', in which Dr. Vaughan Williams, like Pizzetti, takes a famous literary work and sets it to music in a continuous, declamatory style.

It was, moreover, interesting to hear in Pizzetti's score certain resemblances to Dr. Vaughan Williams' own music: I am thinking particularly of the use of modal melody and of chains of consecutive triads—these being used partly, I think, in a conscious evocation of medieval music. Indeed, the kind of music to be encountered in Pizzetti's opera is entirely the kind of music that an English theatre-goer would find appropriate to the story.

But is the subject of the play really suited to operatic treatment? This is a play not primarily of narrative, nor of emotion or characterisation. It is a play of argument. Take the four tempters, who come to lure Becket from his true duty. They are not real characters, that is to say they

are not people: they are each of them merely the incarnation of an argument. I found myself agreeing with a distinguished Italian poet and critic, Eugenio Montale, who contributed a most interesting review to the Milan newspaper *Corriere d'Informazione*—a review, incidentally, twice as long as would have been given to such an event even by our most serious British newspapers. The four tempters and their arguments, wrote Signor Montale, are hardly the ideal subjects to rouse the musical fantasy of a com-

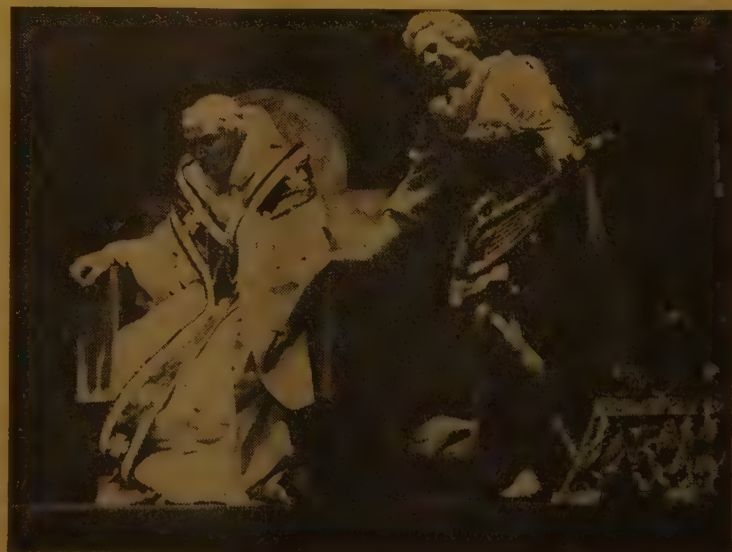


'Murder in the Cathedral' by Pizzetti, at the Scala, Milan; the scene outside the Cathedral, with Thomas à Becket (Nicola Rossi-Lemeni) and the people of Canterbury

understand why it was; and for my part I am awfully sorry about it.

This kind of utterance, following on what went before, is a master-stroke of playwriting; the audience is, so to speak, suddenly turned upside down and has to hold on tight. In the opera, we do not get any such sensation from the music; we simply go on in more or less the way we were going. In general, Pizzetti sets the words in a continuous *arioso* style, that is without any formal division of the music into set 'numbers; and though there are definite musical themes—a menacing theme on the horns, for instance, to represent the knights—these are not the prime musical elements that the hearer recognises.

'Murder in the Cathedral', as an opera, belongs indeed to the type represented by 'Boris Godunov'—though it is important to add that Pizzetti's music, which is rather old-fashioned today, sounds a good deal less stark than Mussorgsky's must have seemed eighty years ago. An interesting parallel to Pizzetti's new opera may be found in Dr. Vaughan Williams. I am not thinking so much of 'Pilgrim's



Another scene from the opera: Thomas à Becket with the First Tempter

poser. Yet, speaking for myself again, I must add that on the whole the work did come off in the theatre: the strength of Becket as a character is admirably realised by the composer, and this is, I suppose, the dynamic element in the plot which carries the work.

Becket never ceases to be the centre of the opera. In the first act he withstands the tempters. Then in what Eliot calls the interlude and Pizzetti calls the intermezzo, Becket preaches his Christmas sermon in the cathedral. Then, after he has met his death in the second act, the music ends quietly with a reminder of the theme of peace which had been heard with the opening words of the sermon.

The part of Becket is given, not surprisingly, to a bass-baritone. Here Nicola Rossi-Lemeni—who will be remembered as Boris Godunov a few years ago at Covent Garden—showed the right commanding figure for Becket, though his voice did not always have the force and depth of expression that was needed. In general, under the able baton of Gianandrea Gavazzeni, the singing reached a satisfactory level, though I fancy that our English operatic choruses could have given points to this Italian one. The women of Canterbury form in effect a chorus in the Greek as well as in the operatic sense; and their

handling on the stage proved of great interest. Margherita Wallman, the producer, marshalled and grouped the women with almost as much expressive power as if they had been a *corps de ballet* (she is herself a former choreographer).

Miss Wallman, it may be recalled, was at Covent Garden recently to produce Verdi's 'Aida' and Poulenc's 'The Carmelites'—productions both open to criticism, in my opinion. But her work in 'Murder in the Cathedral', with a young designer, Piero Zuffi, was masterly. She justified herself entirely in having a symbolic, not a realistic, representation of Canterbury Cathedral itself. The basic symbol was a huge cross, some forty feet high, in each of the four arms of which was a panel with a design like that of a stained-glass window: this cross was added to or transformed, sometimes losing its cruciform shape altogether, in the course of the opera, in order to represent as need be various aspects of the inside or outside of the cathedral. I learned from Miss Wallman that she was able to consult Mr. Eliot in London a few weeks before the production and that he arranged for her to see the film that had been made of his play. Miss Wallman, who had by then decided on her basic method of treatment, was most interested to find that the idea of a

huge cross as a symbol had also been used by George Hoellering, the director of the film.

Thanks greatly to Miss Wallman, the work was an undoubted success at the Scala: the first-night audience, especially the gallery, gave it a warm welcome, and the composer himself took bows after the first act as well as at the end of the performance. Mr. Eliot himself was in Italy: three days before, he had received an honorary degree at Rome University. But he made it known that, owing to ill-health, he would not be able to attend the *première* of the opera.

Could the opera be performed in English—I mean by using Eliot's original lines? Pizzetti himself would very much like such a performance, 'if', he added to me, 'Eliot himself would allow it'. The composer would be willing, I gather, to make such slight alterations of accent in the music as might be needed to accommodate Eliot's English verse. In that case this would be a work which English opera-goers and theatre-goers in general might be interested to see. If the addition of music admittedly blurs rather than sharpens the attack of Eliot's language, yet Pizzetti's score carries a musical and theatrical eloquence of its own. I judge it to be less than a masterpiece, but, on the whole, an effective and expressive work.—*Third Programme*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Should Britain Abandon Nuclear Arms?

Sir,—Mr. Stein asks what I mean by 'irresponsible purism'. Let me answer by means of a short parable.

A city is afflicted with an epidemic, and the only known cure for it is a drug which can be lethal if taken in excessive amounts. The doctors of the city learn that considerable quantities of this drug are likely to be 'peddled' for criminal purposes. What shall they do? One irresponsible purist decides that he must destroy as much of the drug as he has in his store-cupboard, in case, by some slip or forgetfulness on his part, he should contribute to a terrible social evil. But other doctors decide that their first responsibility is to organise far better control of the drug, including, as soon as possible, the collection and guarding of all quantities of it in some central store; yet they agree that in the meantime they must keep small quantities of the drug on hand, at any rate until the epidemic has passed. This last seems to be the much more responsible attitude.

The parallel between this fable and the present world problem of nuclear armaments is by no means perfectly exact. I use it simply to bring out one point: *viz.*, that in any situation the central moral question always is, what should be *done*? To claim—or to recognise—that a certain situation or policy or way of acting is 'intrinsically wrong' or 'intolerable in itself' (as Mr. Stein does) can often be the *beginning* of new moral wisdom and better moral practice, but by itself it is utterly insufficient to tell us how we ought to act. Thus, who of us would not agree that indiscriminate destruction of life is 'intolerable in itself'? Yet (and this was one

of the few strong points in Mr. Nicolson's original talk on this topic) few people protested against those bombings of German cities which involved just such indiscriminate destruction. The reason was, of course, that we were then at war and obliged to defeat utterly an enemy, the Nazis, many of whom positively rejoiced in destruction for its own sake. In these circumstances Berlin, Hamburg, Dresden, and Cologne, and many thousands of their inhabitants were bombed almost literally to bits.

To reduce, and eventually to eliminate by reliable means, the threat of nuclear destruction is, I fully agree, incomparably the most important task facing responsible men today. It is vastly more important than any here-a-little, there-a-little gains in the West-East conflict. It is also much more important than any particular contractual obligations that any nation at present owes to any other; since all such obligations envisage the indefinite continuation of human life—the prospect of which the present nuclear arms race renders every day less probable.

This being so, if I were persuaded that immediate abandonment of the bomb by Britain is in fact the most effective means of lessening this danger, I would certainly urge it with all my power. But I have yet to hear a single argument that shows that the 'moral gesture' of unilateral disarmament would in fact have any appreciable effect on the danger that we all wish to counter. The two great nuclear powers would remain; and all the evidence is that, for different reasons, they would regard our abandonment of nuclear arms with indifference if not with positive pleasure. As for the non-nuclear nations, I fear that most of them would attribute our gesture

to belated financial realism, and congratulate us cynically upon dropping out of a race for which we were never really equipped.

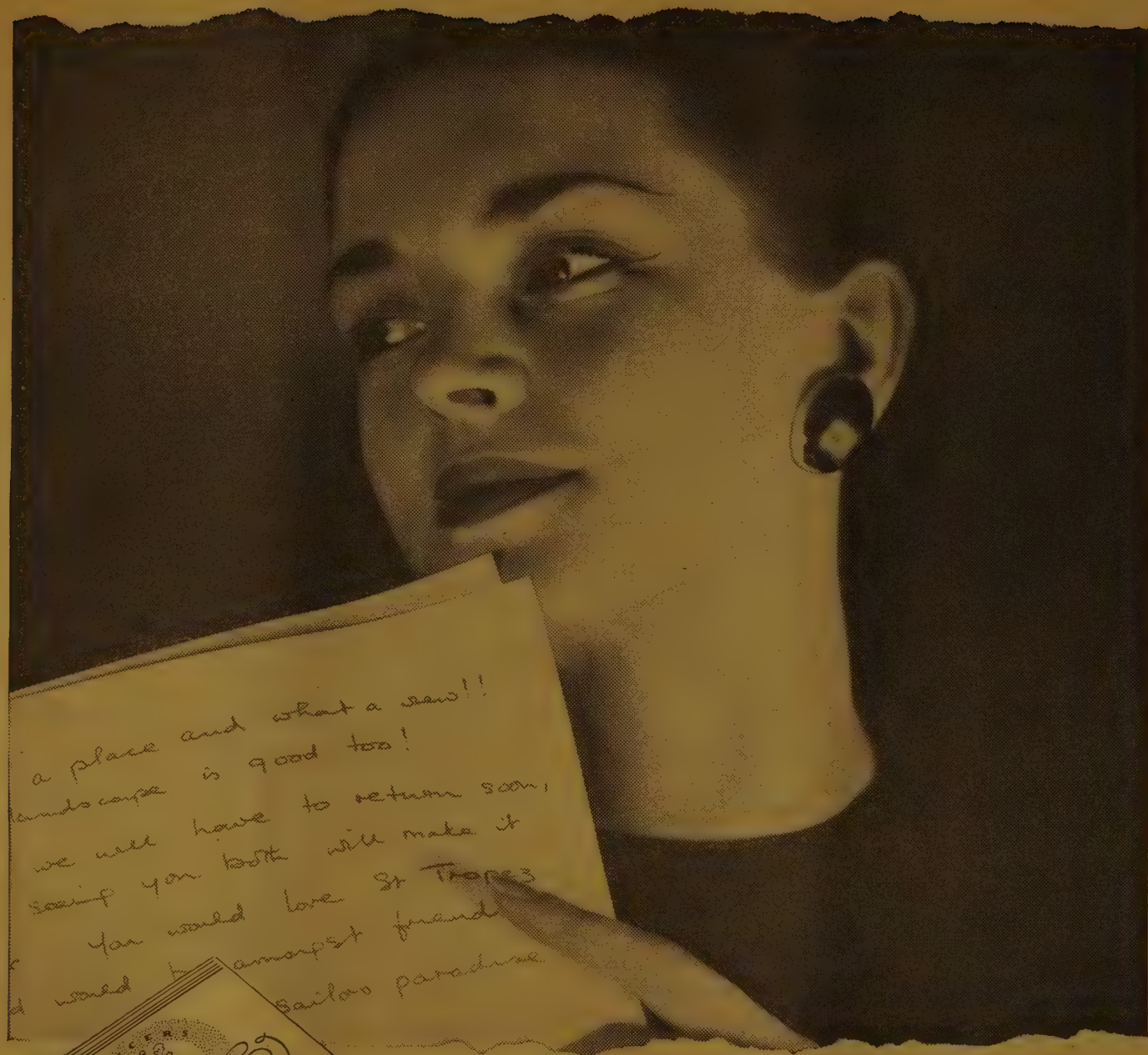
I therefore stick to the position that, as a third (even if midget) nuclear power, we would better serve the cause of nuclear disarmament by stating the terms upon which we would agree to hand over our nuclear arms to an international holding authority granted that America and Russia would consent to follow this lead by definite stages. We should frame these terms to match, not so much Western ideas of strategic advantage and disadvantage, as the natural anxieties of those nations whose geographical positions doom them to almost certain destruction in the event of any nuclear war. In working to this end we could take risks; but risks which, we could hope, might really lead to results.

Since it is results I want in this matter and not just a clean conscience, I cannot object to being described as 'a responsible impurist'. I try to be responsible; and I recognise that almost all human motives, being mixed, are liable to contain some taint of impurity.—Yours, etc.,

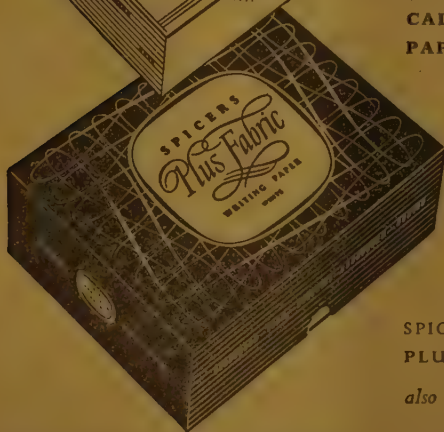
Castleward, Co. Down W. B. GALLIE

The World and the Observer

Sir,—Perhaps, as Lord Russell implies (THE LISTENER, March 13), I should have mentioned those articles by him which he lists, in my enumeration of criticisms of his philosophical position. But I really must protest that it has never appeared to me that in those articles which Lord Russell mentions, and which I have read, he meets many of these criticisms as he writes he does. A rather nodding acquaintance is all that I have been able to detect.



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Anyway, those articles I have read by him, and they include all but two of those he lists, have been mostly only a very general polemic against a certain way of doing philosophy, and not a detailed consideration of the objections which have been raised against Lord Russell's own view of the specific problem discussed by his radio talk.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.11

KENNETH STERN

Historical Imagination

Sir,—In trying to denounce the fallacy of the belief in historical inevitability, Professor Trevor-Roper in his talk, 'Historical Imagination' (THE LISTENER, February 27), advanced the view that it was no accident 'that Germany, the country which produced those great determinists, Karl Marx and Oswald Spengler, was the first and only country ever to surrender without a struggle to the first dictator who claimed to be sent by historical necessity'.

Being German and having closely watched Hitler's rise to power, I can only say that the views of Marx and Spengler had in no way affected the mental outlook of those Germans who cast their votes for Hitler. On the contrary, those who voted for Hitler did so because the general state of affairs in Germany at that time was in a pretty bad mess; and anybody who held out the hope to redress the situation stood a good chance of winning over the people. We have witnessed not so long ago the rise of Poulade in France, a country with long democratic traditions. Admittedly his movement, having only a limited appeal, could not have such a resounding success as that of the Nazis, but nevertheless he was acclaimed by his followers as being the man of the hour who could set things right. To go further afield, we have the recent example of Egypt, putting all her hopes and trust in one man.

To reduce the will of the people to a single factor, viz., the belief in historical inevitability, when in reality a multitude of reasons could be given why the will of the people could be induced to espouse a particular cause, clearly indicates in the case of Germany a disregard for what Professor Trevor-Roper calls 'the intangibles of politics, the illusions, the frustrations, the resentments, the interests and passions of inarticulate men'.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.E.9

BRUNO KINDERMANN

In Defence of Victorian Architecture

Sir,—I must apologise to Dr. Pevsner for not quoting him more in my talk on Victorian architecture (THE LISTENER, February 20). I was well aware of his extremely cordial observations on Pearson, but that was not the point I was dealing with. To decide whether one building or another is 'more representative of Victorian architecture of the first order' is an almost impossible task; I personally do not think that either Paddington Station or the Langham Hotel are Victorian buildings of the first order, which settles the particular issue for me.

Dr. Pevsner suggests that in concentrating on Pearson I failed to notice the considerable difference between Late and Early and High Victorian architecture. I think these are very imprecise terms and the use of 'High' instead of 'Mid' implies an unwarranted value judgement. However, I dealt with three buildings: All Saints, Margaret Street, of 1849; St. Mary Magdalene's,

Paddington, of 1868; and St. Augustine's, Kilburn, of 1870. Of Dr. Pevsner's two favoured buildings, Paddington Station is of 1850 and the Langham Hotel of 1864. (I take all these dates from Dr. Pevsner's *Guide to London*.) Dr. Pevsner's thesis must therefore be, even if Butterfield is completely ignored, that the change from High to Late Victorian architecture took place between 1864 and 1868, but I could have illustrated Street's position equally well by taking, say, St. James-the-Less, Westminster, of 1860 and so completely bracketing Dr. Pevsner's selections. I fancy that there was in fact a consistent attitude to architecture in the work of nearly all the best architects from the late eighteen-forties.

I imagine that 'Bradley' in Dr. Pevsner's letter is a slip for 'Bodley'. If not, I must admit that this is an architect I have never heard of.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.20

J. H. V. DAVIES

The History of Fanny Burney

Sir,—The review of *The History of Fanny Burney*, by Joyce Hemlow, published in THE LISTENER of March 6, implies that Professor Hemlow is American. Arguing from this false premise, the reviewer comments:

One can easily imagine the huge, meticulous card-index, the vast bibliography, the gigantic chronological diary, the growing uncritical passion for the whole tribe of Burneys. All that devotion, industry, and secretarial technique can do has been done.

The preface was written at McGill University and one must suppose that your reviewer does not know that that institution was founded over a century ago in Montreal, a fact within the knowledge of most educated people. Professor Hemlow is of course a Canadian.

Those who know her know also that her book is the product of her own, almost entirely unaided, work. That was mainly carried on while she was teaching at McGill, at weekends and during holidays. Such little secretarial help as she had consisted almost exclusively of the type-writing of the manuscript.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.7

GWENDOLINE LEIGH

Spring Books

Sir,—I have read with interest, and some surprise, the article under this title which appeared in THE LISTENER of March 13. While there are some parts which it is important the public should realise, there are two statements so erroneous that they cannot be allowed to go unchallenged.

The statement that 'since the clearing house for books disappeared, booksellers have now to send direct to publishers to obtain books on order' suggests that something radical has happened in the trade. There has never been in existence such a thing as 'the clearing house'. All that has happened is that one large wholesaler has gone into liquidation. There are other wholesalers for those booksellers who wish to obtain their supplies in this way, but by far the greatest part of a bookseller's turnover has always been ordered from and supplied direct by the publisher. There are inefficient publishers who are dilatory in filling orders as there are inefficient booksellers who are slow to send for a customer's requirements or forget about them altogether; but, human frailty aside, nothing has happened which should cause a customer to

have to wait for a book any longer than he has had to in the past.

Secondly, the statement that 'few bookshops exist in Australia, Canada, or even in the United States' is the wildest and most unfounded rubbish. Bookshops in Australia exceed in quality and quantity anything which we have in this country; indeed, if the leading booksellers of Australia could be induced to emigrate *en masse* to Britain and ply their trade here with the same intelligent vigour as they do in their own country it would be a revelation.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1

DESMOND FLOWER

Sir,—In your leading article (THE LISTENER, March 13) you say that 'Outside Britain (and the Scandinavian countries) bookshops selling books written in English are comparatively rare', and state specifically that few bookshops exist in Australia. Australia can boast many of the finest bookshops to be found anywhere, and they are no longer confined to the capital cities.

In regard to the more general statement, Holland has many good bookshops selling books in English, so have India and Japan, to mention but three countries. A detailed description of the world-wide distribution of British books accounting for more than a third of the £60,000,000 yearly turnover of the British book trade will be found in *The Book World*, edited by John Hampden, recently published by George Allen and Unwin, Ltd.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1

STANLEY UNWIN

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Too Many Gulls

Sir,—The B.B.C.'s correspondent in Washington (THE LISTENER, March 13) has fallen into an old trap about ospreys or fish-hawks and ospreys, the shop-man's name for the plumes of the egret—quite another sort of bird. It is interesting to note that the two words are, apparently, entirely distinct in origin. The first is from 'ossifraga' (bone-breaker), a name which really belongs to a kind of vulture; the second from 'erroneous association with spray' (*Oxford English Dictionary*) or from 'esprit' (*Encyclopaedia Britannica*). Anyway, let us hope we never see the horrible ospreys (second meaning) on women's hats ever again.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3

STEPHEN BONE

Fowler's Toils

Sir,—In his talk on 'Fowler's Toils' (THE LISTENER, March 6), Mr. Randolph Quirk made a reference to Fowler's liberal attitude to pronunciation: 'Speak like your neighbours, even if this means ignoring spelling, as in cases like "forehead—*forid*" and "clothes—*klouz*".' The difficulty about applying this enlightened advice is to know how to recognise the line where speaking like one's neighbours becomes speaking bad English.

I was recently criticised by a friend for my pronunciation of the word 'analogous' which, imitating common usage, I say with a soft 'g' as in 'analogy'. It should of course correctly be pronounced with a hard 'g', and it is my intention to remember this. Or would it be correct to assume that, according to Fowler's views, either way will do?—Yours, etc.,

Brighton, 1

MURRAY T. PARKS

Art

Round the London Galleries

By LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

IT is often said by supporters of the fine arts that mass circulation magazines and newspapers, with their fragmentary coverage of a multitude of subjects competitively displayed, destroy their consumers' capacity for sustained appreciation. However, the same thing might be said of private art galleries as a channel for distributing art. Most people who go 'round the London galleries' kill several birds with one stone: they go from Gimpel's to the Hanover; on leaving Tooth's they take in the Beaux Arts. And what they experience is less a grave, continuous panorama of Art than a hectic game of styles, as restless and jumpy in its overall effect on the spectator as that of the supposedly distracting mass media. Even by limiting our attention to galleries showing modern art this week, the variety is, if not bewildering, at least irreducible.

An addition to Cork Street, already crowded with contrasting galleries, is the Waddington Galleries, which has an inaugural exhibition of 'Later Works by Jack B. Yeats'. The paintings were all done in the last few years of his life, 1952-56, though the catalogue does not give dates. Yeats' taste was for hammy, bohemian, or exalted subjects which he put across with a driving blarney. His way of painting with glittering whipped-up paint dematerialised his forms so that his figures are, despite their precise caricature-like drawing, intense and flame-like. Though Yeats is brilliant in his way his art is exhausting and lacks resonance, perhaps because his pictures are less an Irish version of expressionism than an expressionistic version of Irish charm.

At Tooth's there is a selection of '*Peintres d'Aujourd'hui*' on whose *demaings* it might be risky to rely. They represent that part of the School of Paris which stands on the backs of the early giants. Although individual artists differ (Buffet with his sea-sick colours, Cavailles with his bright ones) they share a decorative style, the sources of which include Braque (especially his *guéridons*), Matisse and Bonnard (often oddly mixed), and soft phases of Picasso. The resultant pictures are the twentieth-century equivalent of the painted ruins over the doors or the pastorals set in the panelling of eighteenth-century houses. There are touches of post-war French realism (Yves Ganne's Van Gogh *turnesols*), and socially-conscious Pignon is represented, but on the whole the exhibition is a faithful sample of a phase of Parisian painting.

Still life is strongly represented and though the objects are always highly legible they resemble their originals in the way that *trompe-l'oeil* (from a fun-fair or a novelty gift-shop) resemble meat or eggs.

'Modern Israel Painting' (Arts Council Gallery) reveals, as was to be expected from the composition of the country, the international styles usual at mixed exhibitions from anywhere.



'The nights are closing in', by Jack B. Yeats: from the exhibition at the Waddington Galleries

There is no native style (as Dr. Katz points out in an excellent introduction), only various competent artists. It may be significant, if it is not an accident resulting from this particular set of fifteen artists, that the painters who come off best are those close to Klee or Mario Sironi. Half-a-dozen of the artists paint flat pictures which carry signs and hieratic figures rather than more solid representations of form, and their work has a charm and point which derivations from the School of Paris lack. Typical of the latter are the disappointing paintings of Marcel Janco, well-known from the history books as a Zurich dada-ist, whose recent painting turns out to be a weak synthesis of cubism and organic form.

Michel Seuphor introduces Marlow Moss (Hanover Gallery) ambiguously as one who understood Mondrian in Paris 'so well that certain of her works of this period can be confused with his'. Perhaps M. Seuphor has not seen Miss Moss' new paintings which are based, not purely on Mondrian, but on the whole of *de stijl*, including Van Doesburg. Her paintings and her polished constructions are beautifully embalmed survivals of pre-war abstract art, the lifeless artefacts that enemies of geometric abstraction were always prophesying but which

are, in fact, mercifully rare. Austin Wright shows a collection of small lead sculptures at Roland Browse and Delbanco, chunky, silvery-grey figures, notched as for finger-grips. Since his first appearance in London he has gained considerably in confidence but at present what is called 'a humorous eye' for anecdote and *genre* vitiates his sense of form as something dense and blocky. He constantly urges his ponderous forms towards a light, near-caricature style, as if Henry Moore were trying to do Armitages.

The British love of nature takes many forms in art, not the least popular of which is the idea of nature as a big book of symbols, with the role of the artist as interpreter of the symbols for the 'earth people'. Norman Adams' landscapes, for example, at Roland Browse and Delbanco are organised around two main symbols: the glory and might of the sky (metaphors of God) and warm secluded landscapes (Edenic—there is a 'Paradise Lost' in the show). By means of the Pathetic Fallacy, Adams gives a note of sombre uplift to landscapes which are pictorially blunt and heavy. In Michael Fussell's landscapes (Beaux Arts) there is a feeling of *Sturm und Drang* but without violence, an acceptance of night and rain as man's natural setting. The all-over pattern in his pictures is rain; the all-over colours (black, brown, yellowy white) are night. Objects are eaten away by shadow, their particularities beneath notice. Fussell and Adams (like Jack Smith), despite their differences, are contributing to a new phase of British nature-romanticism, which is no longer identified with the spindly, effete forms of Alan Reynolds.

Peter Lanyon's new exhibition (Gimpel Fils) is marked by an exceptional looseness of brushwork. It would be a mistake, however, to see the whirl and spatter of paint as a Cornish branch of *tachism*. Two of Lanyon's sculptures (wrongly called 'constructions' in the catalogue) are on view and their bulky, continuous surfaces are closely related to the paintings. The vertigo and tangles, the alternation of panoramic and grotto-like spaces, in Lanyon's paintings should not obscure the fact that his pictures are clearly preplanned as solid forms in space. At a time when a painterly, as opposed to a linear, landscape style is emerging, Lanyon is head and shoulders over his rivals, both in his original response to places and in his conversion of places into pictorial form.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

A History of the English-Speaking Peoples, Volume IV: The Great Democracies. By Winston S. Churchill. Cassell. 30s.

'IF CAUTION MUST BE the hall-mark of history', writes Sir Winston of the Namier school of historians, 'all that may be said is that the men in power were vigorously opposed by the men who were out'; and he adds, 'It is not much of a conclusion to come to about a great age of Parliamentary debate'. As a historian, Sir Winston represents an older tradition than that of our modern academics: not of the lecture hall but of the schoolroom, not of the professional researcher but of the man of affairs. His is the history of big men and big events handed down in country houses and a few great schools as a moral inheritance to patrician youth expecting to rule, in which family and class memories blend into the larger story, identifying historian with event.

With Sir Winston this tradition becomes almost autobiographical, and this quality is the key to the idiosyncratic and yet curiously satisfying structure of the fourth and final volume of the *History of the English-Speaking Peoples*, concerned with the period between Waterloo and the South African War. This is the nineteenth century as the author would have lived it. Towards the end of the book he does, in fact, himself appear in the story and there is no incongruity in reading of the young Churchill speculating about being sent to Canada at the time of the Venezuelan crisis of 1895 or quoted as an eye-witness of the Battle of Omdurman. Surely only some inconsequential limit to time-travelling prevented him appearing as a young Hussar with Cardigan in the Crimea, as a war correspondent with G. W. E. Russell in the Confederate lines, as a Subsequent Naval Person interested in the famous iron-clad rams of the American Civil War, or as P.P.S. to Lord Randolph Churchill in that parliamentary struggle of the eighteen-eighties. The author writes as though he had, indeed, participated in the events he describes. Family tradition and a lifetime spent preparing for and exercising power have provided him with remarkable insights into the character of men and affairs. His criticism of Lincoln for not protecting his generals from political pressures, though not new, has the almost unique authority of one who has faced the same lonely responsibilities, and his praise for Lincoln's magnanimity towards the beaten South, and appreciation of the irony which sustained him, have a personal ring.

These personal identities of the author have uniquely shaped the book. For Sir Winston the nineteenth century was no 'hundred years' peace'; instead, wherever there was war or conflict, like himself as a young observer in Cuba, he has sought it out. A third of the volume is concerned with war, in the Crimea, India, the United States, Egypt and South Africa; and much of the account of the United States, which is given a central place, is taken up with the events of 1861-65. He takes much for granted. Commercial wealth and industrialisation are

given a few trenchant paragraphs and there are two short chapters on emigration to the colonies; but there is little attempt to describe the changing relationships of the English-speaking peoples across the seas, and the author assumes, without argument and after only the conventional story of American isolation and diplomatic friction, a fundamental consonance between the United States and Britain which enables him to conclude with an affirmation of alliance and a hint of 'ultimate union'.

Readers will not, in fact, find any explicit restatement of the historical basis for a faith in the solidarity of the English-speaking peoples. Instead, they will enjoy a panoramic view of Britain in her days of greatness, and of the United States in her time of crisis, written in matchless prose by incomparably the greatest historical writer of the present day. Space forbids one to do justice to the effortless narrative, the taut, simple sentences, each word charged with its full potential of meaning and rhythm, with wit and irony. One example must suffice to illustrate both thought and style. Writing of 'Stonewall' Jackson's accidental death at the bullets of his own pickets, Sir Winston writes, 'Thus on small agate points do the balances of the world turn'.

The Planet Jupiter. By B. M. Peek. Faber. 42s.

Mr. Peek has written the first comprehensive treatise on the planet Jupiter. It is the result of thirty-five years of study and observation. He describes in detail its complicated features and changes, and the present state of knowledge of the constitution of its atmosphere and core. For centuries it had been believed that its atmosphere consisted of hot gases, until, in 1923, Sir Harold Jeffreys showed that the planet is losing so much heat that its outer envelope must be very cold. It is now believed that the surface visible to us is at a temperature of minus 100 degrees Centigrade. The atmosphere consists mainly of hydrogen and helium, with some methane and ammonia. Its colour varies, in delicate shades of red, brown, yellow, pink and blue. These are thought to be due to solutions of sodium in liquid ammonia drops in the clouds.

Mr. Peek thinks that the famous Great Red Spot, which is 25,000 miles long, 7,000 broad and probably about 1,000 thick, and has been noticed for 300 years, is a gigantic lump of solid helium floating in Jupiter's atmosphere, like an egg in a solution of salt and water. It is hard to see how the conditions of temperature and pressure could keep the helium solid, or how the island could resist being broken up by the forces of the planet's rotation. Quite recently the enigma has been increased by the discovery that the Great Red Spot may also be emitting radio waves. These have been picked up from Jupiter, and there is some evidence that they come from the Spot.

As Mr. Peek's book shows, relatively much less is known about the planets than about many of the most distant stars. Undoubtedly, our space travellers are in for some considerable surprises.

He has summarised all that is known about the planet, and has provided instructions for those who wish to embark on its observation. He has produced a worthy book, in the best tradition of the devoted amateurs who have contributed so much to some of the less spectacular, but most exacting, branches of astronomy.

Byron: a Biography. By Leslie A. Marchand. Murray. 3 vols. £7 7s.

We already have many biographies of Lord Byron, but a life so packed allows ample room for another. Besides, Professor Marchand, after years of extensive research, has new material to offer. On all externals, on Byron's upbringing, the never-ending confusion of his finances, on the people he knew and the places he visited—on all such matters these three handsome volumes constitute a storehouse of considerable importance.

Certain passages of Byron's letters which have hitherto been omitted from the printed texts are now shown to us for the first time; other manuscript material, mainly from Hobhouse's diary, is freely used; and much of the evidence of Byron's bisexual temperament is put before us. If with all this we scarcely receive any vivid sense of a towering personality, if Byron emerges as a meeting-point of various instincts, actions, and events rather than a power in his own right, the effect is nevertheless an inevitable result of Professor Marchand's method: he is not so much out to create a personality, which he would probably regard as the business rather of the novelist than of the biographer, as to present a narrative and offer evidence. It is left for us to create the personality.

The method is most successful in the account of the Greek campaign and least successful in that of the marriage and separation. In discussion of the marriage Professor Marchand unfortunately follows certain of his predecessors in relying heavily on Lady Byron's highly coloured reminiscences as given by Ethel Colburn Mayne and André Maurois from her unpublished papers. Why have these reminiscences never been published by her supporters? Is it feared that they would not stand the test of a critical examination? The dubious nature of their evidence is, it is true, admitted by Professor Marchand, but since so many items are incorporated into his factual narrative, considerable damage is done. One consequence is that Lady Byron's later suspicion that incest had occurred between Byron and his half-sister Augusta Leigh is given a central place in discussion of the separation, though it has been firmly established for half a century or more that this was not the secret which she originally divulged to Dr. Lushington on her visit of February 22, 1816. The reference to Sir John Fox's *The Byron Mystery* in Professor Marchand's own footnote to this incident would, if followed up, have convinced him that incest had nothing to do with it. As a general result of these confusions, we are once again offered an account of Byron's matrimonial behaviour for which there is no

firm evidence. Since his own carefully devised defence was burned by, among others, Lady Byron's advisers, the injustice of putting any faith in her subsequent attacks is patent. Professor Marchand gives no more than a brief comment, among his bibliographical notes, to the *Don Leon* poems, which probably come far nearer to the truth than Lady Byron's neurotic reminiscences.

Whether incest occurred remains uncertain. There is evidence for the supposition. But again, it is a pity that Professor Marchand should quote Byron's famous letter of May 17, 1819, without warning his readers that it only exists, so far as we know, in Lady Byron's handwriting, and has been suspected by a number of scholars; and he unfortunately omits the all-important sentence on which the main argument for its spuriousness has been based. He appears to be anxious to preserve the free flow of his narrative at the cost of uncertainties rather than delay it with argument and controversy. Often the method is justified, and once we leave the unhappy events of 1815 and 1816 we are on firmer ground.

The strength of Byron's political challenge at home in the years leading up to the separation is perhaps underrated; and the account of his actions with the Italian Carbonari after it is a little lacking in drama. But the great story ends well. From Byron's setting off to Cephalonia to his death at Missolonghi the narrative never flags; the power of Byron's personality shines through and the story takes on a lustre fitting the nobility of its theme. These are great events, finely handled.

The Meddlesome Friar

By Michael de la Bedoyere.
Collins. 18s.

Is it significant that whereas the original *Cambridge Modern History* devoted to Savonarola a brilliant chapter nearly fifty pages long, the recently published first volume of the new one accords him little more than a page? Surely this cannot betoken any dwindling in the perennial fascination of his personality; and as if to ensure that it should not, Count de la Bedoyere offers us this study, not indeed of Savonarola's career as a whole, but of his conflict with Pope Alexander VI.

This is frankly popular history, and it has many of the best qualities of its kind. Though the style is not for the fastidious—there is too much over-writing and too many jarring colloquialisms—the book is vivid and readable, and its best pages strong and moving. The author states the central issues in serious, adult terms, bringing to them a historian's discipline as well as a Catholic's feeling, and emphasising the wide differences between the fifteenth century's manner of judging them and ours. Insight and sympathy are extended both to sensual pope and fanatical friar, without condoning either the former's manifest shortcomings as Vicar of Christ or the latter's ultimate fall into hubris and blasphemy.

But the deliberate restriction of subject-matter arouses some misgivings. The politics of the Florentine republic would require a longer book to unravel, but can either Savonarola's extraordinary domination of the city or its final revulsion against him be understood without them? It does not help to find the five sup-

porters of Piero de' Medici, executed without appeal in 1497, described as *anti-Medicean* conspirators. Renaissance morality and mentality appear in very conventional colours; one wonders whether Florence was quite such a capital of vice, compared with the rest of Italy, whether the quality of its moral transformation under Savonarola has not been somewhat idealised and the streak of violence and hysteria in its response to him underplayed. And can even Alexander's dealings with Florence and its prophet be fully conveyed without wider reference to Italian politics as a whole than is attempted here?

Dance and Magic Drama in Ceylon

By Beryl de Zoete. Faber. 36s.

Miss Beryl de Zoete is already well known for her vivid portrayal of the world of dancing in South India entitled *The Other Mind*. Her new book is to some extent a complementary study of art forms that are at once recognisably Indian in the cultural sense yet which embody many unique features. Miss de Zoete's wide knowledge of dance and drama sits so lightly upon her that we are entertained as well as instructed; this is by no means a book for the specialist alone, but a vivid travel book, scintillating with anecdotes, brilliant as the colours of that lovely isle, and well stocked with vignettes of numerous personalities. Miss de Zoete paints a most lively picture of present-day Ceylon and its people as seen through the eyes of a visitor of the keenest perception.

She takes us to places familiar to the tourist, such as the Peradeniya Gardens, the Temple of the Tooth and the hill-station of Nuwara Eliya. But she reveals to us so much more, and the most valuable parts of her book are her descriptions of the various magic dances she witnessed, and the information she gives of the way dances are taught and how dancers are initiated. It is perhaps to be regretted that, since much of the book is in the form of a diary, discussion of these dances and their implications is scattered throughout Miss de Zoete's account. One would have liked to see separate chapters devoted to the different dances and rituals she saw, and more evaluation of this fascinating material. In this connection, the full index is of great help.

Three Steps Forward. By Vera Dean. Faber. 15s.

The author of this book is a spastic. Much has been done for her, and she has done even more for herself, but she knows she will never have complete control of her physical movements. She is now thirty, and this is the account of her life so far. It is both autobiography and travel-book, since it projects us across the immeasurable distance that normally separates us from the cerebral-palsied. Miss Dean guides us through unsuspected regions of experience: herself at sixteen, for instance, a sensitive and intelligent girl who dribbles constantly, who can neither dress nor feed herself, who cannot read or write, whose voice is a formless grunt in the throat, taken for an imbecile simply because she could not then communicate. In this world of expressive gestures we may be justified in believing that the main problem of the cerebral-palsied is the problem of communication. Miss Dean has triumphed over her first

difficulties, and in speaking for herself, as she now does, she speaks for others still relatively helpless. That she should publish a book at all is remarkable testimony to her determination. But, as a writer, she needs no concessive praise. She writes well about a rare subject, and the result is an unforgettable book.

Claudel. By Wallace Fowlie.

Bowes and Bowes. 10s. 6d.

Of the four great French writers who appeared at the beginning of this century—Proust, Valéry, Gide, Claudel—it is the last whom the English reader finds the most intractable. Perhaps our greatest difficulty is that to us he seems less French than the others, as if what we take to be the French tradition had thrown up a sport. We imagine that we can understand Proust and Gide, even Valéry, if we set our minds to it; but Claudel appears to demand a familiarity with biblical exegesis or scholastic philosophy, studies for which we have little appetite. The others seem normal in their strangeness and oddity; Claudel seems odd because he is 'normal', concentrating in himself some of the bourgeois characteristics in their most unpleasant form. If we have read the Gide-Claudel correspondence we find it hard to forgive the poet's acerbity, his harsh intransigence. We complain that he is not the poet we expect in the twentieth century, that he is an *exalté*, not a *révolté*. We thresh about helplessly trying to discover an approach to this extraordinary man. At any rate, we can take courage from the fact that the French themselves find Claudel difficult.

We have had several critical introductions to Claudel in the last five years, none of them so satisfactory as this essay written by Mr. Wallace Fowlie, an American, a Catholic, whose studies of the chief poets of modern France have always been informative and well considered. Where Claudel invites prolixity, he is concise, and he has done a good job disentangling the main themes from the turbulent, baroque dramas and the intricate grandeur of the poems. The biographical chapter sets Claudel firmly in his period, and his summaries of the poetic philosophy and the biblical commentaries could not be improved. Perhaps it is his small, incidental remarks which are of most use to us—such things as that Claudel's Catholicism was entirely a matter of obedience, and that his religious conversion was not for the sake of religious experience.

It is horribly trite to suggest that the only way to read a poet is to read him and that an introduction, however sound, will sometimes confuse the reader with inessentials. Claudel, like Dante, is the most concrete of poets; there is no need to be bothered with the metaphysics when it is his almost brutal apprehension of the earthy earthiness of the world that pulls us up sharp. Francis Ponge has noticed with affectionate irreverence that Claudel had a head shaped like a tortoise (the photographs confirm it), and indeed it is the tortoise's ponderous, patient, almost ridiculous relationship to the ground that can become, once we have seen it, a valid image of Claudel the poet. Mr. Fowlie gives us another such image when he mentions that Claudel wrote his first poems sitting in the branches of a tree: a baroque emblem which perceives the tree as much rooted

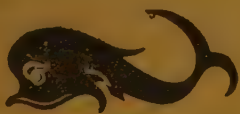
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to the sky by its branches and twigs as it is to the ground by the tendrils of its roots—the trunk a communication between heaven and earth. The exciting thing about Claudel is that

he is not a Jansenist. The elaborate articulations of the Catholic cosmogony can be sorted out later, when we have come to know Claudel as the shrewd French peasant, the *paganus*—the

poet who spoke for the tough, indestructible France (like the painter Georges de la Tour), and who never went to Paris if he could possibly avoid it.

New Novels

Young People. By William Cooper. Macmillan. 16s.

The Contenders. By John Wain. Macmillan. 13s. 6d.

Little Brother Fate. By Mary-Carter Roberts. Gollancz. 15s.

ONLY in a civilisation of assurance and stability can an artist afford the quiet gesture: where there is in his audience no common ground of social practices or moral values, he has no alternative but to stand up and shout. Quietness, therefore, viewed from this angle, is an act of faith—an affirmation that, in the writer's eyes at least, his audience will rise to a nuance, read between lines, interpret a silence; that a nod is *not* as good as a wink to them. Chaucer, for instance, infused the quiet gesture with peculiar subtleties, and we may infer from this that his fourteenth-century audience was unexpectedly sophisticated and coherent.

What then will post-Armageddon scholars infer of the twentieth? Their evidences will surely strangely conflict. But if Mr. William Cooper's *Young People* is lucky enough to survive the trial by fire, I think they will give us a good mark for it. Outwardly, nothing could be less sensational than this deceptively simple chronicle. It is set in a university town in the Midlands in the 'thirties. The principal characters are Mr. and Mrs. Gunning, decent middle-brows, who like 'young people' and keep open house for them; and a group of students and post-graduates, awkward and ambitious provincial lads out to make good. In this most of them succeed well enough—'Beware', as Goethe said, 'of what you wish for in youth, for in middle age you will surely achieve it'. But to one of them, Leonard Harris, dreams come more easily than work and the delightfulness of ends obscure the dire necessities of taking adequate means.

He builds up a fantasy life, neglects his studies, and so far involves a fellow-lodger at Mrs. Gunning's in this fantasy that they contract a secret marriage. A simple enough situation; simple enough for Mr. E. M. Forster, shall we say? But, in the very act of so saying, we are forcibly reminded that the simplest situation, if skilfully chosen, can suddenly be made to reveal unsuspected complexities within it, and that then these complexities may react upon one another so as to produce new situations, which in their turn. . . . But I will pursue further neither Mr. Cooper's plot nor my own sentence. The august name of Forster is not (I think) invoked in vain: there is something of him here certainly, a gentleness, a generosity, an insinuating—even a disconcerting—ability to understand. Neither of these authors would dream of dictating to a character; each rather gives him good soil and water and allows him to develop a natural, characteristic, unpruned growth. Each, to put it another way, is prepared to be surprised by whatever his creatures decide to do; and yet—and this is the point where artlessness secedes and art takes over—the whole thing is held in iron hands beneath those velvet gloves, the course of the story works itself

out to a fore-ordained conclusion, and the reader puts down the book with the conviction that, for all the quietness, more has been said than he had any right to reasonably expect, and that much more still has been implied that will only reveal itself to him upon a second reading.

By one of those curious but too infrequent coincidences dear to the hardy perennial reviewer's heart, Mr. Cooper's *donnés* and those of Mr. John Wain, in his *The Contenders*, are as like as two wheels. And no reviewer, I may add, can possibly come across a couple of wheels without trying to put them together and make a bicycle. So much swifter and smoother than walking. Here, anyway, is the Midland town again—Stoke-on-Trent this time. Here are the ambitious local lads: Robert Lamb, the violent irresponsible cantankerous artist—but a genuine artist nonetheless; Ned Roper, the future industrialist, steady, sensible, reliable, but uneasily aware all the same that there is some secret in life, some power, that Lamb has got but he has not. These two are *The Contenders* of the title. The third, Joe Shaw, the narrator, is fat, unhandsome, easy-going, lacking in drive. Lamb and Roper bat him about from one to the other like a soft plump pingpong ball in their endless struggles to steal a march. Joe lets himself be batted; if he protests, it is only inwardly and gradually. But his protest is cumulative and in a satisfying conclusion he comes to realise (with surprise, for he is an engagingly modest man) that unambition may be the better part in the end.

In *The Contenders* it seems to me that Mr. Wain, author of a couple of comparatively indifferent novels to date, has at last discovered the true sources of his strength. It is natural enough that the young provincial writer, drawn (as young provincial writers are) into the intellectual maelstrom of the metropolis, should start out with a novelistic exploration of that gawgy and gimcrack world—if one may be allowed the concept of a gimcrack maelstrom. This is his own immediate experience and, in the autobiographical way of first novels, he will wish to reproduce it: the hero, like his creator, will move baffled, fascinated, and repelled across a backdrop of wide-boys, *expresso* geniuses, and cockney tarts. It is also natural enough that such an exploration, though speciously 'contemporary', should be no more than superficial. That will not of course rob it of a certain sort of success; and the writer, unless he is peculiarly strong-minded, will continue to repeat the easy formula—the repetition of the success, however, conforming to the law of diminishing returns. Mr. Wain, on the other hand, is peculiarly strong-minded: he has abandoned the formula and produced instead a good straight drama without gimmicks.

By comparison with *Young People* (if I may now be allowed to mount my bicycle) Mr. Wain's is a reasonably noisy gesture. It is more dressed-up, more underlined, and by so much the less assured. Mr. Wain seems to describe people as a writer sees them, but Mr. Cooper as they are. Mr. Wain's world is just a little bit larger than life, Mr. Cooper's precisely life-sized. Perhaps for these very reasons, however, *Young People* has a curiously old-fashioned air—not that old-fashioned need be taken as pejorative. Again *The Contenders* is, comparatively, somewhat uneven: Mr. Wain's protagonists, and especially his narrator, who is brilliantly conceived, are excellently drawn but his women are not. Pepina in particular, the innocently nubile child of Mediterranean nature, is as naive a piece of romantic nonsense as a hard-headed lit. crit. has been seen to publicly allow himself this many a day. But, taking them by and large, this is a thoroughly good pair of books and both are wholeheartedly recommended.

Mary-Carter Roberts' *Little Brother Fate* is in effect a psychological-sociological treatise served up as a novel, but it is compelling for all that. The construction is unusual: three *nouvelles*, linked by no more than a common theme, are presented in turn chapter by chapter—first all the Chapter Ones, then all the Chapter Twos; and so on. Not perhaps a very happy device—it lends only a false air of unity and it tends to slacken the tension: but it is not to be denied that there is a certain satisfaction in coming to three climaxes in swift succession. The common theme is murder. Mildred Hummel, the stupid, beautiful blonde whose only god is Classiness, ends by persuading her lover to dispose of her husband for the insurance. Thomas and Herman, rich, brilliant, cloistered scions of two Jewish houses, commit a Thrill Murder for the hell of it. Blanche Sanderson, proud, autocratic and lonely, decides to dispose of her unctuous husband and his lover. What, asks the author (who is a firm believer in the inevitability of action, given the temperament and given the conditions), brings people to the point at which they are prepared to kill? What above all is the psychological hand-out of the murderer? Which of the moral cogs are missing? (One might of course take this question a little further back and ask, 'What brings authors to the point at which they are prepared to devote a whole novel to the psychology of killing?' Non-murderers are, after all, the more interesting.) Well worth reading. The author however tends, like so many Americans, to mix himself or herself (your guess is as good as mine) up with God. Mr. Cooper and Mr. Wain now would never fall into that error: they know they are only recording angels.

HILARY CORKE

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Thinking of Uncle Matthew

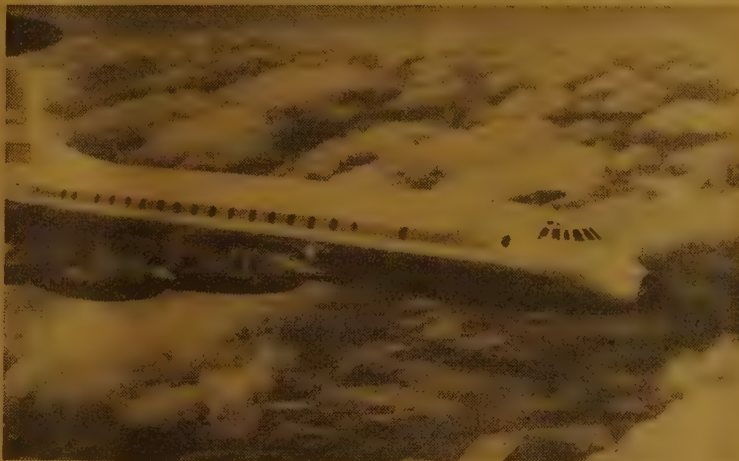
WOULD UNCLE MATTHEW have had a set installed at Alconleigh by now? Perhaps one day Miss Mitford will tell us, but personally I doubt it. It would have been the thin end of the wedge, all right perhaps for that hog Merlin. But *if* he had, I wonder what his reaction would have been to all the sales talk we are getting nowadays. I don't mean channel nine either (that is strictly speaking no concern of mine) where you might reasonably expect it; no, I mean dear old channel one.

Selling British prestige abroad is the object of a high-powered committee that has recently been formed, and one of its members was interviewed recently on 'Tonight' and tried to explain why in the markets of the world it had become urgently necessary to boost the achievements of the red, white and blue. Apparently we must lay aside the hunting-horn and take up the trumpet so that the ears of ad-mass may hear.

'Fellah must be off his head', I can hear the old lion roaring, as he switched the thing off and reached for the longest of his stock-whips.

He would, I think, have been just as enraged and just as baffled by another manifestation of salesmanship that has been in progress for the past month, entitled 'Get Ahead', in which in the form of a knock-out tournament people compete in heats to sell themselves as potential captains of industry in front of a distinguished panel of top people for a prize of £5,000 given by the *News Chronicle* to the winner of the final match. ('Can't see why people should want

to make asses of themselves in front of all those damn lights'.) 'So you want ter get a-head...' trills its catchy little signature song to *brío* from the band, as the silhouettes of four contestants appear behind the glass doors of the soundproof cupboards in which they are doomed to spend much of the programme. They emerge one by one to plead before the judges their case for getting the £5,000, explaining how they will



A Bristol Britannia in flight: from 'The Whispering Giant' on March 13

use it to expand their businesses, and the winner goes on into the next round, unless he decides to contract out there and then for a much smaller but not inconsiderable sum.

The game, quite profitable even for the losers, is introduced as 'a serious attempt to reward initiative'. It might also be described as a brilliant publicity stunt for which the B.B.C. has wholly fallen; but I must confess that unlike Uncle Matthew I do not find myself contemptuously switching it off. Let me go further and say that I have seen nearly all of it up to now with a horrible fascination. One has muffed too many crucial interviews oneself (how indelibly they always etch themselves on the mind) not to take a ghastly pleasure in watching others hit their own wickets.

The bowling of the judges, who are all excellent, varies quite a bit: Sir Frederic Hooper sends down some rather difficult googlies, Viscountess Lewisham fairly easy under-arm stuff, the Earl of Halsbury keeps a good length, and Mr. George Woodcock swerves them in gently from the left. But they are all most professional with unexpected knowledge of the different businesses at their fingertips. Of the candidates we have seen so far Mr. Butterfield, a watch-glass manufacturer, has made a most agreeable impression, but it is still quite early days.

No sales talk is needed to put across the Bristol Britannia, bearer across the oceans of the Queen Mother and of the Prime Minister, as an outstanding British aeronautical achievement. But that did not take away from the interest of the film in

its honour, 'The Whispering Giant', made by the West of England Film Unit and shown on Thursday. It is a majestic, graceful craft in the air, while inside the passengers' comfort has been summed up in the phrase 'not a ripple in the soup'. As well as seeing some admirable film of the Britannia in flight all over the world we watched it being tested in the workshop where mechanics increased the pressure on the

undercarriage to several times its normal load; and we caught a glimpse of foreign engineers on a short training course handling its intricate mechanism. Here at last was something of which even Uncle Matthew might have felt proud.

If he should ever appear in the form of an adaptation, though one would much rather he did not, on television himself, who better to take the role than Mr. A. E. Matthews? At any rate 'Matty's' own richly avuncular manner carried him superbly through a hilarious 'Press Conference' on Friday. For sheer gusto and high spirits we have seen nothing like it since the Bishop of Leeds laid about four sceptics on the subject of Lourdes. The interviewers, who included Miss Jill

Craigie and Mr. Betjeman, soon realised that the only thing to do was to turn themselves into what is known as 'feeds', and this they did to fine comic effect. Matty was soon complimenting Mr. Betjeman on his timing—which he said was something that could not be learned.

He admitted to having played in sixty-four theatres (eight of which have been pulled down), the most recent being the London Palladium, where as we saw earlier on television he repeated on stage his recent sit-down strike about the erection of the lamp-post. This matter, now happily settled it appears, was not allowed to take up too much of the time, and for the rest of it behind the comic by-play we were able to sense what has made this eighty-nine-year-old artist such a fine creator of character. Each 'Press Conference' has a flavour all its own: this was the most genial.

ANTHONY CURTIS

DRAMA

Ogleby and Others

OUR OWN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY was represented, last Sunday, on World Theatre by 'The Clandestine Marriage'. The choice was presumably dictated by our excessive familiarity with the too few comedies of Sheridan and Goldsmith. This piece by George Colman, in which Garrick helped with some writing but not in performance, since he oddly refused the part of old Ogleby, limps through its matrimonial intrigues if not animated by the liveliest comedy acting. That Ogleby, that *vieux marcheur*, preening himself as a lover, half aged dove and half ludicrous cockatoo, can be a tremendous part (and the saving of a poor play) was proved by



The four contestants in 'Get Ahead' on March 13, with the winner of the heat (seated)

Sir Donald Wolfitt at the Old Vic. He brought authentic richness to the pains of mutton dressed as lamb: the role oozed the essence of doddering pretention and amorous futility. In Hal Burton's television production Geoffrey Bayldon gave us only a dry fribble with a monotone chuckle and a limited range of facial play. It was sadly strange to find Ogleby dwindling to a bore.

There is good matter here for the screen. One gets amusing glimpses of the new rich and their expensive vogues in Gothic landscape-gardening, with spires, ruins, and canals, all 'crinkum-crankum'. The period picture was as pleasant as absence of colour would permit.

The title-parts of the secretly wedded Lovewell and his Fanny were attractively handled by Eric Lander and Doreen Aris. But the comedy parts were underplayed. Hermione Baddeley seemed to be less than her glorious self as the genteel and outraged Mrs. Heidelberg, but she could plead in



Scene from 'The Clandestine Marriage' on March 16, with (left to right) Doreen Aris as Fanny, Helen Lindsay as Miss Sterling, Geoffrey Bayldon as Lord Ogleby, Hermione Baddeley as Mrs. Heidelberg, and Esmond Knight as Sterling



'Design for Murder' on March 15, with Alan Dobie (left) as Tony Wallace and Dennis Price as Rex Berkely; (seated) Maxine Audley as Elizabeth Carr and Totti Truman Taylor as Milly Egerton

defence that the part does in fact lack the necessary comedy lines. With such an admirable comedian as John Moffatt to play Ogleby's valet there ought to be much laughter there, but again Colman did not provide the material. But the episode of tight-lacing and titivating the old fop should have been developed with far more comic invention by the producer.

The ordinary stage-play, with a single domestic setting and few pictorial values, has to be very well worth hearing to justify its use in television, whose strength is its mobility. I have previously expressed doubts about the continuous ninety minutes for which viewers are expected to concentrate—and viewing is concentration, not just background listening. Therefore I welcomed the time-scheme of sixty minutes, and the location, all the parts of an empty theatre, of Alex Atkinson's 'Design for Murder' (March 15). Because an hour was the limit there was no padding by the author, no plodding by the cast, and, I surmise, scarcely any desertion by the viewing audience. Never a dull moment—and not too many moments.

The piece was a whodunit (or rather a who's-going-to-do-it) with actors and actresses presenting actors and actresses. This they naturally knew how to do very well and the dramatist's dialogue was helped in its natural tone and its refusal to make a wearisome effort to be smart. Michael Elliott's production adroitly

roved round a play-house in which the team was gathered for a pre-production conference with a threat of murder in the air. There was a capital sense of speed, motion, and variety. We were never arm-chair-bound as sometimes happens in the case of plays transferred from stage to screen.

The 'whodunit' may be called the most trite of routines, but it is something which readers and playgoers refuse to do without. So if actors still want to style themselves 'the servants of the public', they are in duty bound to keep busy with the scream in the night, the corpse in the cupboard, and the various characters who look so guilty that they must, of course, be innocent. Whether, on looking back after the solution, all is explicable and reasonable does not greatly matter: certainly I am not fussed about that.

What does count is that the characters should be credible even if the events are not and that the author should possess that quality which makes one want to know and not to yawn.

Alex Atkinson has that quality and a cast led by Maxine Audley and Dennis Price, with André van Gysegem and Alan Dobie as supporting players, gave him admirable service. The rain-coated detective—shouldn't all stage detectives be called Mackintosh?—was well played by Patrick Allen, whose thrust of chin showed as much determination as his roving mind showed ingenuity in clue-collection.

Terence Rattigan's old success 'The Winslow Boy' (March 13) was certain to hold the interest. It had the sure hand of Rudolph Cartier in control and the authority of Peter Cushing as the steely devotee of justice who fought the victimised boy's

case to victory. That a play about a trial, without a trial scene should be as exciting as a visit to the court would have been showed Rattigan's skill: the mustering of such players as John Robinson, Nora Swinburne, and Gwen Watford ensured a smooth and telling performance of a story already well told. But there is one questionable incident. That a popular London daily newspaper should send an inexperienced woman reporter to inquire about an event which had been the subject of public gossip and comment for months is surely 'unfair to Fleet Street'. The date may have been 1912, but efficient journalism was born before that.

IVOR BROWN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Up She Rises

'THE DRUNKEN SAILOR', broadcast in the Home Service series last week, may very well be Mr. Robert Bolt's best play to date, and we could do with more

like it. In recent controversy the point has been put that good drama is not always good radio; and I have had to emphasise the converse, that good radio is not necessarily good drama. 'The Drunken Sailor' is good radio and good drama, good radio because good drama and good drama because good radio.

Mr. Bolt here operates on a sort of three-decker sound-stage, a kind of radio equivalent to the Elizabethan acting-areas. On the early nineteenth-century man-o'-war the scene shifts naturally from the fo'c's'le to the bridge and to the shrouds, with low life below, gentry and callous command on the poop, and heroism aloft. These levels can be clearly characterised in sound, they are never confused, and transitions from one to another grow naturally from the action aboard ship. There is a somewhat similar physical and social stratification ashore. In the big house, none too scrupulous but otherwise refined gentry above stairs, simpler servants below, and beneath the house the village, a place of pubs and fights.

Life on the shore levels is involved in life on the sea levels. The son of the house, two of the men-servants, and villagers old and young, serve in or are shanghaied on to the ship. The modulated sound of the wind blows the action back



'The Winslow Boy' with Peter Cushing (standing) as Sir Robert Morton, Richard Palmer in the title-role, John Robinson as Arthur Winslow and Nora Swinburne as Grace Winslow

across-Channel to the coast where news of those at sea is anxiously awaited. Finally, the sailors, most of them, come back to land, sea-changed, and the pattern of life on the land is changed by their change. I should call this a perfect scheme for a radio play. In the hands of a producer like Donald McWhinnie it answers surely to the helm and fills the sails of imagination.

As drama, the strength of 'The Drunken Sailor' lies in the weaving of the separate strands of the plot. As I understand it, this play praises gentleness as the true strength, but it is scrupulously fair to the rougher sides of human nature. Sir Richard Honeywell punishes his sturdy servant Paul by getting him press-ganged. The timid servant, Toby, who goes to warn him, is pressed too. At sea, Paul undergoes a sort of sympathetic brutalisation. Freed from the navy, and dead drunk, he kills the vindictive bo'sun who persecuted him, and is forced to volunteer for another ship to escape arrest for murder. But Toby comes back to the big house to Mary, the serving-maid he loves and for whose sake he tried to save the brawny Paul. Sir Richard has lost his own son at sea, when the young man went aloft to try to help a cowardly conscript lad from the village. A lieutenant, attracted by Sir Richard's daughter, tried to make the crude but capable captain risk his ship to save him, but was curtly overruled.

On the whole it is gentleness below-stairs rather than gentility above that saves a little human happiness in this harsh life. Apart from his unerring use of sound—the chanty, the capstan, the wind, and so on—Donald McWhinnie got just the distinctive note out of every one of an understanding cast, among whom it would be unfair to distinguish. I don't say that 'The Drunken Sailor' was a great drama or that it called for great acting. But it was a radio play that set a true course and never veered away from it for a moment; a likeable and entirely satisfying experience. I implore Mr. Bolt to volunteer for further duty.

Announcing Third Programme plans for the next quarter, B.B.C. publicity says: 'That there is only one adaptation from a novel is fortuitous, and represents no concession to that school of argument which holds that such adaptations do not make radio of the best quality'. (Who has made such a categorical criticism of adapted novels? Not, if I may say so, me.) I particularly like listening to the novels adapted by W. Shakespeare—Lodge, Greene, Cinthio, and, in the case of 'Pericles', possibly Laurence Twine. Last week the Third gave us Paul Scofield, much matured since I heard him play the part in London in 1950, in 'Pericles'—another saga of ships and storms, with sea-changes and almost miraculous risings from watery graves.

Henry Reed was also cruising round the Mediterranean. 'The Primal Scene, As It Were' was, after all, the last of the Tablets. Mr. Reed had a number of sallies at the rudely truncated, mutilated, abbreviated, castrated, pollarded or stunted Third Programme (or at its critics?)—so far be it from me to be (as it were) rude about his stunt.

ROY WALKER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Research

ONE OF THE MOST salutary things about listening to broadcast talks is that one learns, painlessly and in the privacy of one's own home, something of the measure of one's own ignorance. For instance I should never have the courage to enrol myself for a public course on science: but I was invisibly in attendance on Monday (Third) when Professor J. D. Bernal took the chair in a programme called 'Research', in which a number of distinguished scientists discussed life—not its evolution but its origins,

back in that remote period of universal history which lies between the appearance of our earth and the first forms of organic matter. This took us into deep water (or, in Professor Bernal's phrase, 'primitive soup'), but I floundered on, happy and fascinated. I learnt that a single bacterium is more complex, and can give more information, than the sun. I glimpsed something of the excitingly inconclusive nature of all research on the origins of life. Yet, even in these remote speculations, laboratory—and industrial—experiments help the theorist by showing him how light can mix with inorganic matter to produce compounds out of which life itself can be created.

Towards the end the discussion reached out from the technical towards the metaphysical, with these learned men actually wondering whether living things were the most fitted to discuss the origins of life, and whether life itself is not so complicated that it can hardly be conceived to have originated at all. And the summing-up included a bibliography: a valuable idea which might be more widely adopted on this sort of programme.

In the March edition of the monthly miscellany 'Science Review' (Home, Wednesday), a contribution that particularly interested me was made by Dr. Conrad of the Applied Psychology Research Unit, Cambridge. He has been investigating our powers of remembering very long numbers, in connection with the Post Office's plans to introduce inter-city automatic dialling. It is the processes, the technique, of this kind of work which intrigue me; if the results, as condensed by Dr. Conrad in his brief talk, didn't surprise me, that only meant that my own memory conforms to the average pattern as he has deduced it from a mass of samples. I should like more of these applied psychology talks.

Some research of a rather different kind was done on Tuesday (Home) in a programme called 'A Pattern of Loneliness'. The speakers were anonymous, the same voices returning at intervals to take up their story (hence the 'pattern'). Most of the speakers were women: men, said one, don't seem to get so lonely as women. The most moving story was of a woman who brought up her son alone: she spoke of her twenty years of struggle as the happiest part of her life. When he reached manhood her son was killed in the war. There were some pathetic pieces of painful self-analysis, occasionally self-conscious (the odd literary word like 'denigrating', repeated several times by one speaker), occasionally self-pitying. As one speaker said, those with no interests become very self-centred. The cry throughout was for fellowship: but even here some people make it hard for themselves. One woman said with melancholy pride that 'only what is right is good enough for me, so I am bound to be one of those who is always lonely'. A male speaker provided one of the few gleams of humour: loneliness kills, he said, but there's always the telly: 'for a short while', he added guardedly.

As a piece of documentary, this programme scored by leaving it all to the speakers and having no linking commentary. Yet as the last sad brave voice died away, I was left feeling dispirited by what I had heard just because of its inconclusiveness, its lack of hope. By one of those fortunate coincidences which make life, and criticism, easier, half an hour later, that same evening, that missing hope was found. In a programme called 'The People Next Door' (in the series of true stories of 'Our Day and Age' broadcast weekly on the Light) we heard of something practical that is being done for lonely old people (most of the speakers in the earlier feature were still young) in one London borough. In 1955 Major Carr-Gomm gave up a Guards commission and bought a house in Bermondsey. He was given the names of eighty

old, ill-housed people: at first, only four volunteered to come. But gradually others came; the Major bought more houses; now his experiment has become an organisation which could be extended elsewhere. We heard the story from Major Carr-Gomm and his helpers, and from some of the old people who now live happily in his houses. Cups of tea, sing-songs, even marriage—the energy and optimism of one man has helped to create a revival of neighbourliness and to break down some of the barriers of isolation which can surround people in condemned Bermondsey terraces as well as in the bed-sitting-rooms of Kensington.

K. W. GRANSDEN

MUSIC

1829 and all that

IT IS A MISFORTUNE for English music-lovers that, in general, they approach Goethe's 'Faust' by way of Gounod. His opera concentrates on the Marguerite episode which, though important, is not the central theme of 'Faust', and moreover sentimentalises the whole affair. Berlioz comes much closer to the true proportions of the original, for all that he omits the rejuvenation of the aged Faust, and treats the whole story in a disjointed manner, putting fragments of it in sequence without much attempt to make them coherent.

But when all has been said about its faults of construction and occasional miscalculations, what an original work it is! What fire still blazes in it! Its quality was nicely underlined last week by the juxtaposition of Rossini's 'William Tell', which appeared in the same year, 1829, as Berlioz' 'Eight Scenes from Faust'. These pieces include the 'Dream chorus of gnomes and sylphs', Marguerite's 'Gothic ballad' and 'Romance', and Mephistopheles' 'Song of the Flea'. Beside Berlioz' sylphs even the delightful 'Pas de six' in Rossini's opera sounds very ordinary ballet-music.

This is not to subscribe to Berlioz' poor opinion of 'William Tell', which is a masterpiece of a different, more conventional, type, though it was extremely up to date in 1829 and did more than any other work to establish the lines along which French grand opera was to develop. But, while 'The Damnation of Faust' still has the power to excite and thrill, 'William Tell' has become a Monument of Music, a museum-piece of historical importance.

Museum-pieces ought to be put on view for the benefit of both the connoisseurs and the general public. We should be grateful, therefore, to Mr. Gollinsky for his enterprise in including Rossini's opera in his repertory at Drury Lane Theatre, whence it was broadcast last Thursday. The rapture of the connoisseurs will, perhaps, have been modified by the quality of the singing which hardly met all the exacting demands of the music.

'William Tell' is far from being a dramatic masterpiece. Its long first act consists mainly of picturesque but irrelevant matter, and only after nearly an hour, at the entry of Leutoldo (the peasant who has killed one of Gessler's men for assaulting his daughter) does the dramatic action really begin. Moreover, the central episode of the story, the famous apple-shooting, is of a kind that, for all its authenticity and real seriousness, is almost bound to look funny on the stage. It is odd that Rossini with his abundant sense of humour—a quality in which Schiller seems to have been wholly lacking—should have accepted the story for the most important and carefully worked of all his operas.

The broadcast performance of 'William Tell' sounded much better than the one I saw in the theatre, apart from the recovery of the soprano (Onelia Fineschi) who was practically voice-less at the first performance. Last week she sang

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'Selva opaca' very acceptably and stood up bravely to the stentorian tones of Mario Filippeschi in the succeeding duet. The tenor's part is plentifully besprinkled with top C's and singers who can make them sound really beautiful are rare birds indeed. So if Filippeschi's tone was somewhat strident, one must at least credit him with accurate intonation and ample power. But he might have turned the pressure down in some of the less exacting passages.

Gino Bechi woofed about like a nice sheep-dog most of the time, which is a reflection on the producer as much as on the singer. But in the grand *scène à faire* before the apple-shooting he rose to the occasion and sang so movingly that only an insensitive listener would not have

had a lump in his throat. He was greatly helped by Odilia Rech as the unfortunately named Jemmy, who had exactly the right type of voice and used it very expressively. In addition she took the top line in the ensembles effectively. The opera was conducted by the veteran Bellezza, who is a master of this kind of music and obtained from the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra a splendid performance. The overture was rightly accorded an ovation.

Berlioz' *opéra de concert* was given at the B.B.C.'s Symphony Concert in the Festival Hall and was broadcast ('What the *whole* of it?', as Rossini asked when told that an act of 'Tell' was to be given at the Opéra) in the Home Service. The B.B.C. Chorus, Choral Society,

and Symphony Orchestra were directed by Sir Malcolm Sargent who was evidently in great form and controlled the large forces with firm authority. Both the exciting passages and the delicate points of the score were well realised. Joan Hammond (Marguerite) seemed to have difficulty in focusing her voice properly on her notes, which were apt to waver and were uneven in quality. It is difficult music, especially with the English text. Richard Lewis sang with lyrical fervour as Faust, and James Milligan's somewhat nasal tone suited the sardonic Mephistopheles better than Brahms' 'Four Serious Songs' which he sang on Saturday night. Owen Brannigan contributed a realistic study of the tipsy Brander.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Kodály's Songs

By JOHN S. WEISSMANN

A programme of Kodály's songs and piano pieces will be broadcast at 8.0 p.m. on Tuesday, March 25 (Third)

KODÁLY'S music is too often identified with a national idiom—though only by those who do not know his early instrumental music, the stylistic qualities of which show him as an essentially European artist with an outspokenly progressive mind and personal utterance. This was the period of impressionism at its zenith: and Kodály assimilated its impulses so successfully that on one celebrated occasion Ravel's anonymously introduced new works were assumed to be Kodály's.

The 'national' idiom, by which he is chiefly remembered, belongs to his later music, conceived mainly in terms of vocal inspiration. The 'Psalmus Hungaricus' (1923) may be conveniently regarded as marking off the former Kodály from the latter: his songs, the majority of which preceded it, constitute a transition between the two worlds—and thus provide an interesting field of study.

I propose to comment only on Kodály's 'art' songs: i.e., those in which the musical coefficient consists of his personal invention. This will exclude all folk-song arrangements (e.g., the collection 'Hungarian Folk-music'). I shall also exclude his 'Himfy Song' (1913) set to a poem by Sándor Kisfaludy, since it has remained in manuscript; and a single contribution in 1941, at a decade's distance from the period examined. But I shall include the set of 'Three Songs', Op. 14: although written between 1924 and 1929—that is, outside of the suggested period—it is still sufficiently close to the 'Psalmus Hungaricus' to merit notice. Thus, we have to consider:

'Énekszó', Op. 1 (1907-09) ('A Chant of Songs')	16 pieces
'Négy dal' (1907; 1917) (Four Lyrics)	4 pieces
'Két ének', Op. 5 (1913; 1913-16) (Two Songs)	2 pieces
'Megkésért melódiák', Op. 6 (1912-16) (Belated Melodies)	7 pieces
'Öt dal' Op. 9 (1915-18) (Five Lyrics)	5 pieces
'Három ének', Op. 14 (1924-29) (Three Songs)	3 pieces

The words to Op. 1 are taken from folk poetry; those to 'Négy dal' include one poem by János Arany, a nineteenth-century Hungarian classic, two are anonymous, and one is by Zsigmond Móricz, a contemporary novelist; those to Op. 5 include one poem by Dániel Berzsenyi (1776-1836), and one by Endre Ady, the great early twentieth-century poet; those to Op. 6 include four poems by Berzsenyi, two by Ferencz Kölcsey (1790-1838), and one by Mihály V. Csokonai (1773-1805); those to Op. 9 are by moderns, including two by Ady and

three by Béla Balázs, Bartók's librettist. Finally, the first poem of Op. 14 comes from Bálint Balassa (1551-94), while the two others are by seventeenth-century *anonymi*.

The chronological succession is not straightforward: the Berzsenyi song of Op. 5 succeeds the first Berzsenyi of Op. 6; the third piece of Op. 9 precedes the last two of Op. 6, and the Móricz song included in 'Négy dal' was written in 1917.

The dualistic nature of Kodály's intellectual outlook at that stage of his development is reflected in his choice and treatment of his texts. Arany, Berzsenyi, Csokonai, Kölcsey—and the folk poems of Op. 1—show his attachment to the great historic period of Hungarian literature, while his settings of Ady and Balázs relate him to the problems of the present. It was to be expected, of course, that Op. 14 would reflect a more pronounced and conscious reference to the poetic and ideological traditions of a historic past: Balassa, a soldier-poet of the sixteenth century, is perhaps the most interesting and significant figure produced by the Hungarian culture of that period; and the blazing protestantism of the anonymous chronicler-poets of the following epoch was supported by vehement patriotism.

But an even more conspicuous example of Kodály's dichotomy is supplied by Op. 1: the texts come from selected pieces of folk poetry, the authors of which are therefore unknown—whereas the music, both in inspiration and technique, bears the imprint of that specifically west European movement, impressionism.

There is little evidence of a particular 'national' influence in his treatment of the voice; this is surprising, because at the time of these songs he was already 'living' in folk music. He undertook his first collecting expedition early in 1905, and the earliest set of songs date from 1907: it seems incredible that the creative repercussion of such avowedly crucial experience should remain latent so long, even if we make allowance for Kodály's notorious creative dilatoriness. The melodic configuration of the vocal part takes little account of those elements in Hungarian folk melody that are regarded as peculiarly national: there are, of course, descending fourths, etc., in the melodic line but they appear less frequently, and less consistently, than in his later vocal works, or in Op. 14, for instance. In fact, the parts, if never unsingable, sometimes contain figures and turns that are not altogether easy for the performer to negotiate, and Hungarian folk music is primarily vocal in its inspiration.

The piano parts of these songs are, on the

other hand, wholly impressionistic in spirit. Here are all the typical features that we commonly associate with the style: unprepared minor sevenths, a succession of ninths over a chromatically descending bass, the agglomeration of unresolved suspensions, the absence of counterpoint, etc. But it should be noted that the Kodályan impressionism is entirely personal; his harmonic language, for instance, is not constituted exclusively in terms of colour, so that his schemes of chordal progression are free from that feeling of haphazardness, of improvisation, which we often find in the music of the French school. Hungarian commentators rarely fail to point out the classical pattern that underlies Kodály's harmony when divested of its elliptic chromatic alterations and auxiliary notes.

The role of the piano, too, is guided by impressionist sensibility to colour and the particular instrumental writing that this conception entails. This is seen in Kodály's use of sweeping arpeggios and ingeniously contrived figures: compare Op. 1, or especially *Busan csörög a lomb* from Op. 6, perhaps the most precious treasure in the entire *Lied*-literature of our time, with the Verlaine settings of middle-period Debussy.

The special position occupied by Op. 1 is not only due to its date: it is the most explicit and consistent repository of Kodály's Debussyan impulses, excepting, of course, his piano music belonging to the same period. In the earlier sets there are some songs in which the piano is allotted a greater independence (cf. 'Ádám hol vagy?' in Op. 9); in these the vocal part shows a tendency to declamatory style. The highly emancipated instrumental constituent of Op. 5 is due, of course, to the orchestral medium. In Op. 14 the piano retires almost entirely from the musical debating ground, and is confined to the status of a convenient, if unobtrusive, instrumental support for the vocal performer: a stylistic momentum proclaiming the wane of the impressionistic stimulus.

Most of Kodály's songs reveal a subtly disguised strophic pattern where suggestive or descriptive instrumental passages—consider for instance 'A' *farsang bucsuszava* in Op. 6—provide the connection between the various sections corresponding to the stanzas of the text.

One must not assume from these observations that Kodály's songs are transitional stylistic exercises and no more. On the contrary; their excellence lies in their perfect capability of evoking poetic images and associations—their meditative and nostalgic lyricism discloses perhaps the most intimate side of Kodály's art.

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For the Housewife

Planning Your Spring Cleaning

By RUTH DREW

BEFORE you tackle your room-by-room spring cleaning, work out a rough plan of campaign. Book the sweep—everyone is going to want him—and get in early at the dry cleaner's. Check cleaning appliances and materials, your tool-box and sewing-basket. Clear out junk. Tidy cupboards, re-lining drawers and shelves. This may lead on to washing seldom-used glass and china. Check to see that you have shelf paper, sugar soap for cleaning paint, cleaning spirit, carpet and upholstery shampoo, plastic or rubber gloves, extra curtain rings and hooks, carpet tacks and drawing pins, oil in the oilcan, and spare hooks and eyes and snap fasteners for loose covers. Then clear out the year's horde of clutter.

On the eve of spring cleaning, a little advance work helps. So I suggest you: get ahead with preparing the next day's meals, strip the room to be cleaned, moving out movable objects and cleaning them, and covering immovables with dust sheets. In the morning, tackle your room, working from ceiling to floor. Chase high-level dirt particularly on light fittings and cornices, curtain and picture rails, and tops of doors.

As this is step-ladder work, make sure your steps are perfectly steady and safe, and that your working shoes are comfortable without being sloppy.

If you are washing paint do not be tempted to use harsh, gritty cleaners. Scrubbing with these brings off the dirt but also a lot of paint, and you are left with a rough, dirt-attracting surface. Use a mild solution of sugar soap—or mild synthetic detergent suds. Work with a cloth or

a cellulose sponge. Rinse well and dry thoroughly. Glossy paint is the better for a finishing touch with liquid silicone furniture polish. Here is a professional's tip: on a large area, begin to wash paint at the bottom and work upwards. This saves water running down over a dry surface and leaving obstinate dirty trails.

If you want to give polished furniture a spring tonic, treat it to a vinegar-and-water wash. Use about two tablespoons of vinegar in a pint of water. With a cloth wrung out in this solution and a hard rub, you bring off surface dirt left gummed up in stale polish. When the wood is perfectly dry it is ready for re-polishing. For upholstered furniture there are shampoos made for the job which are excellent provided you follow the maker's instructions exactly.

Hardwood floors which are badly marked can be re-surfaced by sanding—a professional job—or perseveringly rubbed, with the grain, with a pad of medium steel wool dipped in turpentine. (Wear a strong glove—steel splinters are horrid.) For marks on linoleum, rub with a cloth dipped in paraffin, followed at once by a drying rub with a clean cloth.

For carpets you can use a special carpet shampoo, or foam whisked up with mild synthetic detergent. Choose a good drying day, and open the windows. You should brush or vacuum-clean the floor first. Then, beginning in a corner away from the door, work briskly on about a square yard at a time, massaging in the lather with a brush and wiping it off at once with a cloth wrung out in clear water. Overlap each

square, otherwise you get a patchy effect. When the shampoo and rinsing water look grimy renew them both. Do not put the furniture back till the carpet is perfectly dry, or you will get dents in the pile and, much worse, rust marks from metal castors.—Home Service

Notes on Contributors

- TERENCE PRITTIE (page 483): Manchester Guardian correspondent in Germany
- GEORGES LACLAVERE (page 485): President of the Special Committee on Antarctic Research of the International Geophysical Year; Head of the Cartographic Section of the Institut Géographique National, Paris
- HAROLD WINCOTT (page 491): Editor of *The Investors' Chronicle*; author of *The Stock Exchange*
- NIKOLAUS PEVSNER, C.B.E. (page 493): Head of the Department of the History of Art, Birkbeck College, London University; author of *The Buildings of England, An Enquiry into Industrial Art in England*, etc.
- MARYA MANNES (page 496): radio and drama critic of *The Reporter* (New York)
- T. B. SMITH, Q.C., D.C.L. (page 498): Professor of Scots Law, Aberdeen University, since 1949; author of *Scotland: the Development of its Laws and Constitution*, etc.
- ARTHUR JACOBS (page 504): music critic of *Evening Standard* and *Sunday Dispatch*; author of *Gilbert and Sullivan*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,451. Baker's Dozen—II. By Tats

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, March 27. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

Each clue contains a definition consisting of one or more words, and a hidden anagram of the light, beginning at the beginning or ending at the end of a word. The twelve

unclued lights are proper names which have something in common. When rearranged, the first word of each across clue accounts for sixty-four of the seventy-two letters comprising the unclued lights, whose remaining eight letters will form another name, which is to be entered in the space provided at the bottom of the diagram. Punctuation is better ignored.

CLUES—ACROSS

9. So gave him a sharp thrust according to Shakespeare (4)
12. The arch remains, and anglers fish from it (5)
15. He could be from Lagos; he's going to pursue general science (10)
18. Perhaps a stalagmite hangs down?—Utter nonsense! (4)
19. A leek is the wrong emblem for a Scot; he must be debagged (5)
20. It is spiders that terrify me; I can pick up hedgehogs though (5)
21. No one wants an inexperienced warlock (3)
22. Don, get out of the way, or I'll have to swerve (3)
23. Is your confidence gone? Bow then, and leave the stage (6)
25. Mamma does not allow more than one bottle (3)
26. Do not lie down, Fido; rattle a biscuit-tin, someone (4)
27. Lo! On yon branch is marvellous blossom (3)
29. Wings the bee to yond azalea? (4)
32. We know Tommy's surname isn't Akroyd; it's Brown (6)
35. Item three he conducts now. It's a little sad (5)
40. Ran into the bubbling water and shook himself, as dogs do (4)
41. Nor did Alf incur adverse comment, for the cakes did not last (5)
43. Tuck it into the covers for a single. No, it's a four (3)
44. Narrow down the disputes to some three or four points (5)
45. Ruin now open to townfolk; glorious vista provided by roses (4)

DOWN

3. In general wasp and bee stings don't make one feel laid out (7)
4. Don't be shy; do decide on something—even if it's not cheap (6)

5. You can't boil an elephant's egg and sing at the same time, I'll bet (4)
7. Please restrain your less pleasant habits. (7)
10. Montgomery is here; he's got a baa-lamb which is moulting (7)
11. In a sacred rite Afghans drink out of a small vessel (7)
13. He guessed the 64,000 dollar question—it's an enormous sum (4)
14. In Red China they govern by fear (4)
17. If it lives in a pond, won't we be able to see it? (4)
27. I have handled teas and suppers for 500 in my time (6)
30. Rates are too much of a burden; write to the Mayor and Aldermen (4)
32. Indigestion made him moan after eating a leg of wild sheep (5)
34. Phoebus gins arise; let's lose no time (3)
36. No extra milk—or it'll be an age before we can pay you (3)
37. These rissoles are overcooked; they're black (4)
39. Pluto is Dokey's best friend (3)
42. A crown would be an expensive present (3)

Solution of No. 1,449

R	A	S	T	R	U	M	E	'	S	T	A	T	E
I	N	T	E	R	N	E	Q	U	A	K	E	S	
C	A	R	T	E	D	E	U	N	R	I	S		
K	N	O	C	K	E	R	E	D	A	N	T	E	
M	A	S	H	E	R	G	R	A	T	I	N	G	
A	N	S	I	R	I	A	N	Y	A	G	E	R	
N	E	T	H	E	R	Z	I	N	G	A	I	R	
S	P	A	N	T	O	E	R	N	E	D	E	D	
M	A	R	D	E	N	E	T	R	O	T	H		
O	P	A	E	L	A	N	I	L	E	A			
R	U	F	E	A	S	I	L	L	A	D	E		
T	R	A	P	E	S	C	E	N	S				
H	A	R	S	L	E	T	S	V	E	R	G	E	

NOTES

Across: 1. STRUMA; 8. TASTE, TATES*; 14. BENNET, TENNER rev.; 15. U(KA)SE; 16. RATED; 17. G(R)INS; 18. RECKON, CONKER*; 19. NEAT, ETNA*; 21. (SH)EAR; 22. GRATIN; 25. SYRIANS, NAIR; 29. BA'GE; 31. THE RE; 33. IGNARO (Hidden); 35. ST(ing)Y; 37. DESERT; 39. DEAR-N, REDAN*; 40. HOTTER (2 mds); 44. LEA; 47. INLACE; 49. TEAS(E); 51. D(E)AN; 52. PAR-SE; 53. CENSE; 54. ARTLESS; 55. GREF (Hidden).

Down: 4. T(ET)CHY; 22. GAZ(EL)E; 24. 'In meMoriam'; 26R. SAKH*; 30. GAE(L)*; 32. TYR(ian); 34. IS NICER*; 38. STIL(BIT)E; 41. See Oxford Dictionary of Quotations; 45. S(AFAR)I; 46R. LE(G)AL.

* = anagram

1st prize: S. Doidge (St. Anne's-on-Sea); 2nd prize: G. Friel (Bishopbriggs); 3rd prize: Miss M. R. Whitaker (Southfields)

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